THAILAND ON THE BRINK **HARVEY WASSERMAN**

THE NATION

MARCH 27, 1976 *50 cents*

PRACTICE–AND MALPRACTICE **GEORGE A. SILVER, M.D.**

THE MEDICAL INSURANCE DISEASE

'There Is Much Amiss in the House of Medicine.'

BROWN OF CALIFORNIA

What Makes Jerry Run **Mary Ellen Leary**

POKER-CHIP DIPLOMACY

Jennifer Seymour Whitaker

WHAT THE FBI HAD ON ME

Corliss Lamont

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LETTERS

awake at the switch

Washington, D.C.

In my article, "The Natural Gas Swindle" [*The Nation*, Jan. 24], I said that the public had been betrayed by the press. That was too broad a statement. I should have said by the national press of Washington and New York. Actually, some reporters for other newspapers were doing a fine job of alerting the public to the phoniness of the natural gas shortage and to the way deregulation was being manipulated in Congress. For example, Bruce Johansen of *The Seattle Times* and Bob Signer of the *Chicago Daily News* were turning out some excellent alerts all along, and no doubt other hinterland newsmen were doing the same.

It is nice to see that the power of the press does not reside solely in the stuffed-shirt newspapers of Washington and New York, all of which favored deregulation of some sort. They didn't get their way. Natural gas deregulation was (apparently) killed in the House by a margin of only four votes. Considering the lobbying tactics being applied to Congress, defeat of the industry crooks was nothing short of a miracle and the Johansens and the Signers of the press corps deserve a great deal of credit for helping to save the consuming public about $10 billion this year.

Robert Sherrill

genocide revisited

Bergen-Enkheim, Germany

On Sept. 24,1973 you published an article by Prof. Richard Arens of Temple University documenting the persecution to the point of extermination of the Aché Indians in Paraguay.

One of the main voices in Paraguay itself against this genocide of the Aché, anthropologist Prof. Miguel Chase Sardi of the Catholic University of Asuncion, is now being brutally silenced. He was arrested on December 1, and brought to the Departamento de Investigaciones (Calle Pres. Franco)—a place known for torture. Two other leading Paraguayan scientists are imprisoned with him: Mrs. Mauricio Schwartzman and Victorio Suarez. The latter were subjected to torture until they admitted to being "Marxists."

These persons were engaged in the Marandu Project, which is informing Paraguayan Indians about their civil rights and gathering evidence for cases of civil and human rights violations. Marandu has received financial aid from the United States. This project is now being stopped by the arrest of its leadership.

Dr. Mark Münzel

aging to the left

New York City

George Eckstein [*The Nation*, Jan. 31], in reviewing John Diggins's *Up From Communism*—which more aptly and accurately should be entitled, *Down to Buckley*—states that in the maturing or aging process ". . . an ideological journey in the opposite direction, from Right to Left, is virtually unheard of." This depends upon one's hearing capacity and also what one listens to. For instance, I can think of two notable examples, in recent U.S. history, of people who fit the condition that is almost "unheard of." I have in mind Theodore Dreiser and W.E.B. Du Bois.

Herbert Aptheker

note for peace

Chicago, Ill.

The National Committee for the Peace Ballot is currently seeking ideas for a peace platform for 1976. *Nation* readers who want to participate should request a "Peace Ballot" and "Study Guide." The Ballot lists forty-eight specific items; the Study Guide identifies goals, prospective choices and provides resources for studying the forty-eight items.

Both are available for 35¢ from the World Without War Bookstore, 110 S. Dearborn, Chicago, Ill. 60603.

Robert Woito

EDITORIALS

Tale of Two Leaks

It is enlightening to compare two recent cases of violation of security-confidentiality-secrecy and what is being done about them. One is the case of Daniel Schorr, the CBS News correspondent who found a copy of the widely discussed Pike Committee report on intelligence burning a hole in his pocket and decided that the public should have a look at its actual words even though the House had voted, under administration pressure, to bury it. The other is the case of Secretary of State Kissinger whose apparatus made available, to a writer for *Foreign Policy*, documents on his 1975 negotiations leading to the disengagement between Israel, Egypt and Syria—which, in the words of columnist Mary McGrory, "served to reveal him as the greatest negotiator since Moses bargained with God."

In the case of Schorr, the House Committee on Standards of Official Conduct has sprung from a mere bud into a budget of $350,000, with a staff of forty-three and a projected 1,100 hours of investigative time. (Since some 2,000 copies of the Pike report were printed, and assuming only one reader per copy, a rough calculation would give a half-hour per "suspect" for the ethics committee probes.) But Kissinger, who quite clearly authorized the whole leak, has managed to plumb the depths of his colleagues' indiscretion, which he called "gross," in a mere three days and already the two sub-leakers have had their "reprimands." It is reasonable to think that these showy slaps on the wrist will not leave deep scars.

Since Kissinger has been the loudest and most persistent complainer against the alleged indiscretions of Congress, which he claims make the conduct of international affairs impossible, the *Foreign Policy* article, with its quotations from Kissinger's conversations with Arab and Israeli leaders, should be deeply embarrassing to the Secretary of State. They would also seem to do much more harm to the proper conduct of this country's foreign policy than any amount of revelations on the ineptitude and eventual criminality of the American intelligence apparatus.

If shuttle diplomacy produces as its main by-product a flattering portrait of the American shuttler's brilliance, at the expense of all confidentiality for his interlocutors, what foreign leader will be eager to expose himself (or herself, since Golda Meir is extensively quoted) to this experience the next time around? Kissinger, in his closing days as this country's first diplomat, is obviously prepared to take that risk. His motive can only be, apart from simple vanity, the burnishing of his own image as the indispensable man of American foreign policy. It is a dangerous game that he plays. He will not salvage the policy of "détente," which the President has at least verbally cast adrift during this political season, by such discreditable tactics.

As for Daniel Schorr, the object of all the House of Representatives' wrath, he awaits the fall of a two-edged ax. The ethics committee is sharpening one side, trying to figure a way around the protections of the First Amendment. And the craven businessmen who own the CBS radio affiliates are honing the other blade in the interest

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of preserving their "license to print money" (as a broadcast license has accurately been described). The CBS affiliates have counseled CBS News to consider firing Schorr.

All sorts of double standards are at work here. It is all right for a Secretary of State to have revealed his brilliant manipulation of foreign statesmen in a ticklish diplomatic situation (and then to put on a show of blaming subordinates, entirely dependent on him, when his indiscretions are criticized). It is all wrong for a reporter who happens to possess a document which Congess, under executive branch pressure, has weakly decided to suppress after its substance has been widely reported, to make the text itself known to the American public.

It's a tale of one city—but of two dubious standards of morality.

See How They Run

The mere mechanics of politics are dominant on the political scene as the primary season advances. Not men, not issues, but organization and money are thrust in front of us each Tuesday. This is true of both parties. Candidate Ford, who also happens to be President, is being run by Spencer and Roberts, a couple of those hard-boiled political operatives, guns for hire, whose neutral "professionalism" is California's contribution to the workings of American democracy.

On the Democratic side, the nickel-plated machinery is less evident but it is there all the same (viz., the smooth workings of the Daley machine erasing Gov. Dan Walker and collecting favorite-son delegates in the name of Sen. Adlai Stevenson and in the interests of Mayor Daley). In Illinois Jimmy Carter continued to do well; he put down George Wallace again and, by collecting a majority of the delegates, showed that voters generally prefer a live Presidential candidate to a stuffed favorite son, even one backed by Daley's formidable patronage apparatus. There's a lesson here for the growing favorite-son movement which has been buttressed by the entry of California's Governor Brown. The message (and it is not George Wallace's ugly and fading one) is that voters tend to back favorite sons or uncommitted slates only when the candidate field is crowded and there is a confusion of choices. In California on June 8 the stature of even the phenomenally popular Gov. Jerry Brown (see article by Mary Ellen Leary in this issue) will be tested against this old political saw.

It is hard to say who will still be in the Democratic contest by then. The strongest candidate from the liberal side of the party, Morris Udall, has almost sunk from sight because he stayed out of all the contests from early March to early April. And he is being challenged, inexplicably, by Senator Church who sees himself as the "liberal alternative" to Udall (who now calls himself "progressive," not "liberal") if Udall fails to win in New York—which neither he nor anyone else ever expected him to do, given the long head start of the right wing's Senator Jackson. So Church's effort will get nowhere and its effect will be to diminish the voice of the Democratic liberals in the convention.

Thus we move on through the last ten weeks of the primary season with Carter's personal lead growing from

IN THIS ISSUE

March 27, 1976

EDITORIALS

354

358 What the FBI Had On Me — *Corliss Lamont*

ARTICLES

359 Brown of California: What Makes Jerry Run — *Mary Ellen Leary*

363 Thailand: Awaiting the Explosion — *Harvey Wasserman*

365 Campaign Financing: Twenty-Five-Dollar Democracy — *Richard C. Wade*

366 Practice—and Malpractice: The Medical Insurance Disease — *George A. Silver, M.D.*

371 Poker-Chip Diplomacy — *Jennifer Seymour Whitaker*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

373 Howe: World of Our Fathers — *Marcus Klein*

374 Reasons (poem) — *Adrianne Marcus*

375 Poetry and the "Back of the Book" (Part II) — *Grace Schulman*

378 Speer: Spandau: The Secret Diaries — *Michael Selzer*

378 My Scarecrow (poem) — *William Bedford*

379 Dance — *Nancy Goldner*

380 Films — *Robert Hatch*

380 Hell's Angels in Spain (poem) — *Tom Jones*

381 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

382 Music — *David Hamilton*

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week to week, but with a first-ballot majority still out of reach for anyone. It will thus be an arranged nomination, brokered, if you will. All that Democrats on the left of their party can sensibly do is to try their best to strengthen their influence for the brokering process when it comes. Senator Church has made that job harder.

What Else Is New?

If any further evidence were needed on the strangely distracted state of mind of the Democrats it is contained in the most recent communication from the Democratic National Committee. A letter signed by DNC Chairman Robert S. Strauss invites us to consider "facts and figures" which, he says, "may shock you."

Are we then asked to ponder the facts and figures on the economy—the number of unemployed, the rate of capital investment and obsolescence, the cost of health care, or even the defense budget (which the Pentagonites are now saying must rise to $200 billions in a very few years)? Is that what should shock good Democrats?

Not at all, according to the man who presides over the party's central structure. What should raise the hair on our heads is the "more than fifty major changes at the highest levels of government." That includes, of course, two Presidents in the seven Republican years, plus six Attorneys General, five Secretaries of Commerce, four Secretaries of Defense, four at the Treasury et al., etc., not to mention three each at the FBI and the CIA.

Give or take a disgrace or two, a near indictment here and a pardon there, what's shocking about this bill of political particulars? It is even possible that the public might prefer this administrative revolving door to the notion of a bunch of well-fed bureaucrats sitting stolidly in their Cabinet chairs. The point, of course, is that there is nothing new about it. It is old hat, well-known, a record stuck in a groove.

The truly shocking thing is that Robert Strauss cannot think of a better argument for electing a member of his party to the Presidency. His fund-raising letter is a declaration of policy bankruptcy. It is an advertisement for a void. We are indeed shocked.

Strong Medicine

As Dr. George A. Silver, professor of public health at Yale's medical school, points out in an article in this issue, the American system of health care is itself in need of serious treatment if the present fever of malpractice suits is to be allayed. There is no miracle cure for what ails it. The malpractice syndrome, to borrow a medical term, is a symptom of a fundamental disease (his word). And the cure will include "better education of the doctor and the public; better supervision of medical practice; more organized and cooperative practice." In other words, the miseries of malpractice litigation will not be banished by doctors, lawyers and insurance companies simply treating their own contributions to the general malaise.

It remains to be seen how cooperative organized medicine will be with attempts to reform the present inefficient and harmful system. Blue Cross and other health plans in a number of states have recently announced that they will pay for "second opinion" consultations when doctors recommend nonemergency surgery. The health plans' belief is that this procedure, handled by specialists certified by medical boards, will substantially reduce the present vast amount of unnecessary surgery.

Predictably, the first reaction of organized medicine to this scheme was negative. The president of the American Medical Association, Dr. Max H. Parrott, remarked to *The New York Times,* "What makes the second guy's opinion more valid than the first?" He went on to claim that a consultant cannot know the patient's case as well as does his own doctor. But, Dr. Silver points out, much of the current elective surgery (whose cost he puts at $4.8 billion a year) is performed by doctors without proper skills. Hence a considerable part of the malpractice bill.

If the AMA did not have such an unbroken record of opposition to anything that could be called progress in the organization of American medicine, and if it were not so well-known to represent mainly the acquisitive side of this essential profession, the public might take the words of Dr. Parrott and company more seriously. Instead, most patients and patients-to-be, which means all of us, will commend the health plans' surgical consultation proposal, the merit of which is suggested by the strong medicine for the medical profession which Dr. Silver prescribes.

Set to Music

Articles in this magazine have often been picked up and reprinted in all sorts of places for the 110 years of its existence. But until this month, as far as we know, they have never been put to music. Now there is a song written by Malvina Reynolds of Berkeley, Calif., based on the article called "The Dust in Willie's Lungs" by Fran Lynn in the issue of February 21.

The Lynn article told the story of Willie Rappe, a lifelong worker in the textile mills of the Carolinas, who was forced to retire because of the crippling effects of the disease called byssinosis or "brown lung"; when Mrs. Lynn came to interview him, she found Willie hoeing his garden while seated in the lawn chair he was too weak to leave. Her article also told of corruption in the application of state and federal health standards in the cotton mills and of the resistance of the mill owners to attempts to clean them up and make them safe places in which to work.

It is an old story in American industrial life and a sad one. One reads variations of it again and again, always with indignation, sometimes with hope. Now, thanks to Malvina Reynolds, there is a folk song with a haunting melody urging the young "in a karma daze" to forget their self-concern and get "out on the bricks with the union folks at the mills in Caroline."

CAROLINA COTTON MILL SONG

Oh I love to get into my clean bed
With its sheets so fair and white,
And when I am in my clean bed
I sleep through most the night,

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And my dreams are hardly troubled
By the worrying of my mind
For the workers who die of the brown lung
In the Mills of Caroline.

(chorus) *Oh the mystical people,*
They think they are wise,
With the smooth on their faces
And stars in their eyes,
But the truths of this system are spoken and sung
By the workers who bear the brown lung.

(Copyright by Schroder Music Co.)

Matter of Facts

It was not a substantively remarkable document that the new Congressional Budget Office produced on March 15 on the tax and spending choices before the legislature. What was remarkable is that such a report and analysis should have appeared at all. It is a result of the recent establishment by Congress of a staff and a procedure which gives that branch of the government some handle on the nation's economic policies. There is now less reason why Congress should always appear as the wild and random spender, producing each year a grab bag of programs without any coordination of purposes, while the President, whether right or wrong, seems to be the only one in Washington with a systematic view of what is going on.

This first thorough analysis for Congress of the options available to it in the areas of taxing and spending is a cool appraisal of the whole economic situation. It is not notably different from the one put out by the Ford administration, though it questions whether the present slow recovery will last into 1977 without some changes in the Republicans' budgetary assumptions. The one flat assertion in this cautious nonpartisan report is that the recovery will be stopped dead if interest rates are allowed to rise.

The Congressional Budget Office emphasized that it was not putting out a Congressional version of a national budget. The law setting it up gives it no mandate to do so. But it represents a first step toward providing Congress with the information it must have if it is to play a strong and proper role in setting the country's economy on the right course.

Force Majeure Politics

Irritated by Russia's role in the recent Angolan civil war (though in fact the United States was an early meddler in that stew) and disgruntled because the Soviet- and Cuban-backed faction prevailed, the Ford administration has announced that it will postpone scheduled Cabinet-level meetings with the USSR on trade, housing and energy. State Department officials hasten to add that this expression of churlishness will in no way affect Mr. Kissinger's ongoing arms limitations talks or the fulfillment of the grain sales. (One would suppose that the administration's show of pique would at least cause the Russians to greet Mr. Kissinger at future SALT meetings with pitying grins on their faces.)

Citizens in other countries, perhaps puzzled by the pettiness and irrelevance of our "reaction" to Angola, which follows closely upon the President's declaration of anathema upon the word "détente," do not understand American domestic politics. Ford is not so much out of sorts with the Russians as he is determined to deny Ronald Reagan or Henry Jackson the chance to jump up on some flag-bedecked platform and declare him soft on communism—an accusation with as much inherent plausibility as the charge that he has been mean to Richard Nixon.

It is an embarrassing little episode, but the country is growing accustomed to being embarrassed by its Chief Executive, a man addicted to awkward footwork. The only danger is that, one of these days, Russia or some other sovereign state might decide, for reasons of its own, to misunderstand this use of foreign policy for tactical campaign advantage. It would be prudent if, in future, Mr. Ford were to have such declarations of high policy issued, not from the State Department but by the Republican National Committee. Then no one could pretend to take umbrage.

School for Snoopers

Oakland, Calif.

A course being taught to California law-enforcement officers reveals a disturbing attitude toward civil liberties and raises serious questions about the kind of domestic intelligence tactics being taught local police officers. The course, entitled California Civil Disorder Management Course (CCDMC), is given at the California Specialized Training Institute (located at Camp San Luis Obispo), under the directorship of Maj. Gen. Glenn C. Ames, Commanding General of State Military Forces. Although it is offered to police officers and public officials, such as school administrators, district attorneys and their staffs, its existence has until recently been concealed from the public.

The CCDMC correlates dissent with violent revolution and equates "civil disobedience" with the latter. It is riddled with what Diane Schroerluke of the Berkeley Police Review Commission calls "political education."

On revolution, the CCDMC contends that "representing this threat we have in our midst trained and dedicated revolutionaries, radicals and others sharing varying degrees of belief in violence, or what some have called 'civil disobedience.' " The CCDMC text traces the development of revolution, "peaceful dissent" being "step one." It interprets Dr. Martin Luther King's "I Have a Dream" speech as meaning "there is going to have to be the requirement for some sort of violence."

According to the text, demonstrations often involve "elderly women, young females and mothers with small children, whose nonviolent posture places the control forces (police and National Guard) in an awkward position." Why such people should place anyone in an "awkward" position is not explained. But the course does explain that various segments of society pose a "problem for those who regulate that society. . . ." The course does not define just who it is that "regulates" society.

Battling dissent requires good intelligence. "We must recognize that the intelligence endeavor is our most

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effective weapon against the dual threat facing our communities and our society." The dual threat is civil disorder and organized crime, but organized crime receives scant attention.

The CCDMC teaches that it is all right "by surreptitious means, legally [to] photograph participants to a public gathering," and to "maintain files compiled as a result of intelligence gathering," whether or not people included in the file have done anything illegal. Students of the CCDMC learn how to mess up dissident groups, under the course heading of "Co-optation of leadership."

After noting that most criticism of domestic intelligence operations come from "concerned citizens" who are not associated with anyone trying to overthrow the government, the text urges "the intelligence system [must] conduct its operations in such a fashion as to avoid justifiable criticism." But avoiding "justifiable criticism" could mean either operating within the law or hiding illegal activities.

On January 27 the Berkeley Police Review Commission sent a letter to California's Governor Brown, detailing its specific objections to the course and asking that he look into the matter. As of this writing, Brown has not responded.

Randall Risener

Mr. Risener is a free-lance journalist and editor of the Veterans Journal, *a publication devoted to the interests of those who fought in Vietnam.*

What the FBI Had On Me

Corliss Lamont

On his appointment as Ambassador to India by President Kennedy in 1961, John Kenneth Galbraith was investigated by the FBI, which asked him to explain why he had lived in the building where I also had an apartment —450 Riverside Drive, New York. Professor Galbraith reacted with affronted dignity to this question concerning what he called "dangerous cohabitation." It happens that Senator and Mrs. Javits also resided in the same apartment house. For their sake I hope that their "cohabitation" with me has not been discovered by the FBI.

The Galbraith incident is but one of scores of idiotic doings revealed in documents that I have obtained under the Freedom of Information Act from the bureau's file on me. A year ago, on March 7, my attorney, Leonard B. Boudin, wrote the FBI requesting "All records referring to Dr. Lamont in any way, which are possessed by the Federal Bureau of Investigation including but not limited to letters, memoranda, tape recordings, electronic surveillance logs and investigative reports. . . ."

For almost three months a correspondence ensued between Mr. Boudin and Clarence M. Kelley, director of the FBI. On May 29 Mr. Kelley wrote: "A check of our records based on newly available information reveals there is one file, containing approximately 1,800 pages, which is probably identical with Dr. Lamont." He added that "a charge of 10¢ a page is made for reproducing copies." I was rather startled by the number of pages compiled about me, but some of my friends expressed their congratulations.

The FBI did not send copies of the entire 1,800 pages. After further correspondence, however, it did finally supply me with copies of 274 pages, withholding the remaining 1,526 pages because, Mr. Kelley states, they must among other reasons be "kept secret in the interest of national defense or foreign policy." I am appealing this fractional and selective compliance with the Freedom of Information Act to the Deputy Attorney General of the United States, but have been informed by the FBI that there is a substantial backlog of appeals and that my case, No. 1,176, will be heard in its proper order.

I have at last plowed through the 274 pages showing my "subversive" activities. At least half of the material deals with my defense of civil liberties, a suspicious activity in the eyes of the FBI. There is much about my work toward American-Soviet cooperation and world peace. Nine-tenths of the material consists of speeches and writings of mine that were already in the public domain. For instance, the file contains monitored radio talks, copies of entire articles, summaries of some of my "Basic Pamphlets," a transcript of the entry on me in *Who's Who in America*, a list of my books in the New York Public Library, a transcript, from my passport expiring in 1965, of countries I visited. The names of all those reporting to the bureau about me are blacked out.

FBI sleuths telephoned our maid to discover my whereabouts; called airlines to determine when I was flying to Europe; asked pointless questions about me of officials at Columbia University where I taught philosophy, hinting that I was a dangerous person; discovered that I subscribed to *The Militant*, a Trotskyite weekly; and visited two different publishers to indicate disapproval of their issuing books I had written about the Soviet Union.

The most serious part of the documents deals with the bureau's weird attempts to prove that I was a member of the Communist Party, an organization I never dreamed of joining. In this unceasing attempt, the FBI relied primarily on various ex-Communist perjurers.

The remaining 1,526 pages of my file probably record even worse invasions of my privacy, one of which I know for certain from other sources: every month for many years FBI agents visited my bank to scrutinize my canceled checks, copies of which the bank later sent to the

Corliss Lamont is chairman of the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee. Among his books are The Philosophy of Humanism *(Frederick Ungar) and, most recently,* Voice in the Wilderness *(Prometheus Books).*

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bureau.

The FBI's treatment of me is characteristic of its harassment over the years of tens of thousands of Americans who held liberal or leftist views. The bureau's anti-democratic practices not only violate our civil liberties but also drain away tens of millions of dollars, a senseless waste of the taxpayers' money—for what? The accumulation of vast files of useless information.

BROWN OF CALIFORNIA

WHAT MAKES JERRY RUN

MARY ELLEN LEARY

The most recent evidence that Gov. Jerry Brown of California has a superb political instinct was his brief stop at the Los Angeles convention of the California Democratic Clubs, a group so liberal in tone that on March 1 it endorsed Presidential candidate Fred Harris over Rep. Morris Udall by a 67 per cent margin and chose to back the challenge of Tom Hayden for the U.S. Senate seat of John Tunney. This may seem strange company for Edmund G. Brown, Jr. to be keeping, since he's seen as a conservative in both fiscal policy and program; but the astuteness arises from the marvelous reply his reception at the convention makes to the first serious criticism of him welling up in California. The rumblings of "disappointment" (that relatively mild word is the one most frequently used) come from activist liberals, from consumer groups at the front edge of engagement with state agencies and from lawyers involved in poverty cases. Still more cautious are Democratic Party workers who were hoping for a teamwork spirit to resuscitate a fragmented and shapeless Democratic organization in the state and who don't see the individualist Brown identifying himself with party activity.

The emerging complaint that Brown's first year in office has lacked firm direction and a solid commitment to reallocate resources for the benefit of society's outcasts was resoundingly answered by the enthusiasm he generated before the CDC. He spoke there longer than at any previous public appearance and, the press said, was interrupted by applause thirty-seven times. At his nine-minute inaugural fourteen months ago he provided opportunity for clapping only a couple of times; his eleven-minute "state of the state" message in January occasioned applause only at his arrival and conclusion. The warmth with which the young, Left-leaning, zealous group of CDC members greeted Brown's easy, pleasant, informal platform presence suggests that his political magic is not all a media concoction, as his critics would have it. Since CDC's frothy, unsubstantial flavor has never been significant in a major California race, let alone a national one, its enthusiasm gave Fred Harris more moral satisfaction than votes, but for Brown it registered a reinforcement in precisely that quarter where he most needed it.

He had hardly quit the embrace of the radical wing when California's leading labor spokesman, John F. Henning, executive secretary of the AFL-CIO State Federation of Labor, publicly urged Brown to run for President. For a Democrat in California these days the spread from CDC to AFL-CIO covers a pretty wide spectrum, especially when the Democrat has already registered a phenomenal 87 per cent vote of approval from the public in state opinion polls—a popularity level never before reached by a California governor.

With such broad encouragement, Brown has decided to head his own slate in next June's primary. "Native son" candidacy has been a custom with most California governors and a powerful tool for convention bargaining. But Brown, with his enormous popularity, discomfits earlier aspirants who must now meet the 38-year-old Governor on his own turf. Jimmy Carter says he will contest Brown in every corner of the state, but Udall is worried, although California's delegation will be allocated in proportion to the vote this year, not as before on a winner-take-all basis. Still, Brown has the edge as he seeks votes, he says, to endorse his concept that Democrats must make do with less government spending. His desire to be President is real, he has acknowledged, but he won't bid outside California.

After his first year, California's 38-year-old articulate, thoughtful bachelor Governor, whose life is a sixteen-hour-a-day drill as chief executive, is experiencing some inevitable fading of the bloom. It has been marked in some quarters by acerbic questions about his liberal credentials. His caution is criticized; his budgetary and programmatic conservatism is questioned. Said one state legislator: "It's not Brown's style to lead a charge. He won't get bloodied. He doesn't initiate. He waits for the combatants to confer at his door and ask his help as conciliator." Other liberal legislators are sounding off, among them state Sen. Nicholas Petris who is defending the state university against Brown's budget cuts. A consumer interest lawyer, noting how tidily Brown has kept power in his own hands, exploded angrily: "What in hell's the good of having power if you aren't willing to use it for causes you believe in? His style is to stand aloof and philosophize about how one man cannot alter the forces of history. He is frozen into inaction by his philosophical overview of the scene." More pungently, a common remark is that Brown has spent a year now asking questions of everybody in California state government—interesting, provocative, insightful questions. Isn't it time, then, that he risked giving some answers?

The most solid Brown achievement to date, personally

Mary Ellen Leary has been a West Coast political writer for more than twenty years, most of them on the Scripps-Howard San Francisco News. *She is now a free-lance writer.*

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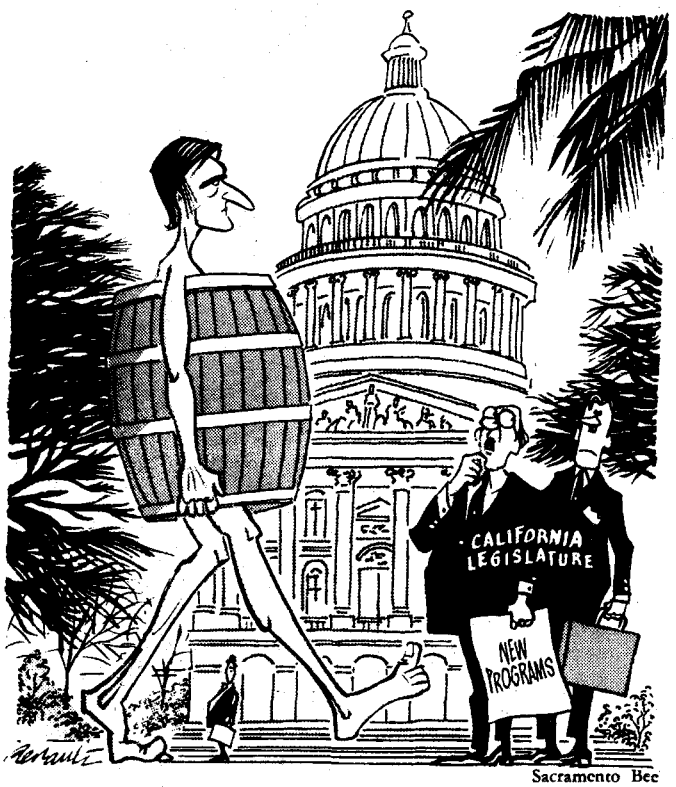

Sacramento Bee

wangling the state's first agricultural labor relations act out of a compromise among agribusiness, Cesar Chavez, the Teamsters' union and the small growers, still draws praise. This new law got reinforcement when the California Supreme Court recently affirmed, against the farmers' vehement opposition, the right of labor unions to approach workers on farm property in reasonable periods. The California farm-labor relations board staged the unbelievable total of 419 elections at that many different sites in just five months. By secret vote more than 30,000 workers expressed their preference in union representation, the large majority remaining faithful to Chavez's United Farm Workers, but roughly a third selecting the Teamsters and some voting for "no union." Supervising these elections and hearing challenges to them has exhausted the board's funds. It is temporarily broke, and grower interests blocked supplementary appropriations in the legislature, but the law is on the books ready for the next budget year and the great advance represented by shifting farmer-worker hostility out of the fields and into the legal process is unquestionably to Brown's personal credit. Despite strenuous efforts, he has been less successful at mediating among doctors, lawyers and insurance companies in the medical malpractice insurance uproar; nor has he been able to compromise the public employees' clamor for recognized bargaining rights.

What critics most want of the California Governor is an aggressive program to combat the state's unemployment which hovers above 9 per cent, ahead of the national average. This became a critical matter after Brown hired James Lorenz to be employment development director, and then fired him. Lorenz, a young lawyer, who had fashioned the highly successful "poverty law" agency, California Rural Legal Assistance, and with it blunted in the courtroom most of Gov. Ronald Reagan's moves to cut public programs for the poor and especially for the Chicanos, was an early Brown choice. Then the *Oakland Tribune* discovered that Lorenz had drawn up a massive jobs proposal along cooperative lines (a frequent model in California for hard-luck rescue schemes) and had included some plans for state banking and some language suggesting that the private enterprise system was a flop. However this may have struck the press and the business community, Governor Brown had been aiming to reduce, not enlarge, the government's role in many operations. Lorenz had misread his instructions. He was succeeded by another CRLA lawyer, Martin Glick, who reversed the pattern: the burden for ending unemployment, Glick argued, must rest on Washington; California alone cannot solve the economic malaise. His ideas assume an apprentice-style job plan with government subsidies for private hiring, rather than putting the idle into temporary public posts, as the trend now runs. Such "temporaries" become all too permanent on government rolls, Glick contends, while in private enterprise their subsidized employment for a fixed few years would not cost much more than unemployment insurance, welfare and food stamps, and would steer people into the private sector and independence. This idea, not yet embraced by Brown, is evidently shelved until needed. The Governor has used the fracas over jobs to initiate some dialogue with business leadership about the state's economic future, and Glick has put more attention than Lorenz did into running the huge state employment agency. Brown's style is to admonish society to accept the fact that there are limits on what government can do to solve such problems. This sounds like a cop-out to activists, who are temperamentally unable to concede that there are no answers. It is a basic impasse.

The Governor's 1976 program continued some real, if modest, commitments to the low-incomed. He cut $50 million in income taxes off the bottom segment, doubled university and college aid for disadvantaged students, beefed up special education in the "early learning" program and funded the state's Ecology Corps in the hope it might give some young people—admittedly not many—jobs in the open country more rewarding than fire fighting. He asked that salary boosts for state employees be a straight across-the-board $65 a month for everybody, janitors to judges, figuring that this distribution would particularly help the poorest paid. The State Personnel Board was outraged by the distortion that such a plan would cause to normal pay differentials, and state employees noted that it came to a 6 per cent raise, whereas the Personnel Board was recommending 9 per cent. This modest try at redistribution of wealth got no support.

The jobless problem is the largest in need of an answer, but other areas vex those looking for achievement. One is the state energy program. A new commission created by the legislature has failed to alert the public to the gravity of energy shortages and has not itself been a force for change in industry's power usage. It has pulled its toe back from the heated swimming-pool controversy, setting rehearings of its first order for a cutoff date on new gas-heated pools. A vigorous "ombudsman" for the

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public, Tony Rossman, so irritated the energy commissioners by his insistence on stronger public involvement that he was recently removed from his post. Commission inertia occasions considerable unhappiness at the Environmental Defense Fund, whose counsel, Tom Graf, complains, "Brown doesn't pitch in and fight. He's not exercising power to get some change." Sylvia Siegel, the astute consumer spokesperson for the utility watchdog agency, TURN, has charged that Brown "is giving us government as a referee over crises. He won't plan ahead." Urban developers, coastal protection fans and land-use ecology enthusiasts have learned that "plan" is a bad word to the California Governor. For him, it suggests the fuzzy spend-omania of the 1960s which, he feels, aggravated problems instead of muting them. Inside state agencies these days the preferred terms are "problem solving" or "action agenda." Brown has said, "I believe the country is in serious trouble . . . and no six-point program to do this or that has quite the ring of truth it once had." Despite this, he has recently added an environmental planner to his staff.

Those looking for child-care programs are dissatisfied with the $10-million increase he has proposed for this year, and question his insistence that child care should be custodial, at minimum cost, not educational and expensive. The American Civil Liberties Union protested Brown's failure to back bills protecting personal privacy; the California Teachers' Association laments his demand that schools get back to basics, without structuring state supervision to bring that about. The world of academia, which exulted in the election of an intellectual, has been dismayed to discover that Brown's way of attending to the university, his alma mater, is to trim budgets, to rebuke professors for drawing high salaries while doing work they enjoy and to embarrass top administrators by calling attention to the prerogatives that come with their jobs. He has hit particularly hard at adult education in the community colleges, which has ballooned during unemployment. Macramé classes for idle adults are not Brown's idea of a legitimate public enterprise.

One active Democratic Party figure summed up current complaints:

> Jerry has not translated his immense popularity into programs that will survive after him, for the disadvantaged and the minorities. He has not used his great public support to build a strong party structure that will give political support to new directions in government.
>
> Maybe he will. Maybe he is still learning. He hasn't lost that air of concern. But it sometimes seems just an intellectual game, not involving real people. When he announces . . . an "era of limits" and [says] we must "lower expectations about what government can do" it sounds as though he is admonishing the poor to accept their unhappy lot. That may make haloed martyrs but it doesn't make an effective democracy.

Ray Bonner, West Coast regional director of Consumers' Union, noted that last year three key consumer measures, "consistent with Brown's philosophy which didn't require a penny from the state," never got help from the Governor: mandated gas-price posting, which lost by one vote, and bills on generic drug pricing and supermarket price labeling, approved but weakened by lack of administrative backing. "The Governor limits his influence to what he can do personally."

Gary Near, a public interest lawyer close to Brown during his campaign, considers him "outstandingly successful. He's gained the confidence of a wide range of the electorate. That's no meager achievement. It's due to the conservatism of his tax policies, his responsible approach to administration and the high caliber of his appointments." But he added: "Admittedly, he's been timid on advancing new programs. In the future, he'll be evaluated on his ability to offer solutions of his own for specific public problems."

None of the criticism adds up to heavy fire. There has been occasional scoffing at Brown's puritanical life style and his inclination toward Zen meditation, Sufi religious music, health foods and Socratic dialogue. And press attention does still respond primarily to his unusual personal value system, his small car, his mattress on the floor of a frugally furnished apartment, his occasional two-day fasts (ended by order of the state health director), his willingness to line up for plane tickets or cafeteria meals. "Standing in line with people to get ordinary daily services keeps your perspective right," said Rose Bird, one of his top agency heads. All this fascinates the media and conveys something clearly satisfactory to the public. Political criticism has been muted out of respect for Brown's furious, nonstop work schedule, and though legislators are beginning to voice their disenchantment, there is an uneasy impression abroad in Sacramento that his unorthodox refusal to follow accepted modes of dealing with public problems—especially to spend money on corrective plans—is in harmony with public expectations.

The people whom the Governor has appointed (except those to the energy commission), are generally praised as public-spirited and energetic young people, who represent diverse interests that until now have had little access to the top. A number of his new judges are from minority races or are women. He put a paraplegic University of California graduate in charge of the state rehabilitation program, with orders to reverse its priorities and help the worst handicapped, not those most easily rehabilitated. He has brought in people so young that one department head said, "He skipped a whole generation."

But largely because of a reluctance to delegate authority, he is slow to make appointments and that creates problems. While he personally reviews applicants, judicial posts go unfilled, two prestigious regents positions are vacant, as well as several college trustee spots, and the state medical review board is so short-handed it can't get a quorum to conduct business. Brown lacks the grass-roots party contacts or the mature experience to uncover fast enough topnotch candidates for jobs. And he is suspected of keeping a tight rein over department heads when they do get appointed. There have been some voluntary departures from Brown's team, polite and uncritical, to be sure, but implying friction in his administration. This spring, Paul Halvonik, long experienced as an advocate of liberal causes, quit as his legislative secretary. Larry Moss, formerly a Sierra Club wheel, left the resources agency; press secretary Bill Stall has also de-

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parted. These resignations may have been no more than protests against the killing work pace, but if they were meant as warning signals to the Left, Brown had a trump card to play.

Cesar Chavez's workers have been the greatest gainers from Brown to date and interest in them led him to a little-publicized venture which warmed CDC hearts and sparked a response from Fred Harris's Populist ranks. Brown has embraced the rural small-farm movement. He has reversed a two-decade commitment of state water development for big growers and big business interests, and has pledged to do all he can, working with the Department of Interior, to enforce the 160-acre limit for land reclaimed with water provided by public funds—especially land in the western areas of the Central Valley, newest battleground of that old controversy.

While Governor Brown maintains his usual cool, and has not yet been "bloodied" in this fight, he did appear personally at U.S. Sen. Gaylord Nelson's recent hearings on reclamation law enforcement in California, and promised to work for compliance, to the delight of National Land for People and its director, George Baylis. And Brown committed more than words. A year ago he ordered an interdepartmental study of the implications of enforcement of this law, and has this data available now for the U.S. Senate's consideration. Also, he helped to bring the Nelson hearings to California.

His change of the state's overall water policy is similarly important. Brown's water resources chief, Ronald B. Robie, knowledgeable from fifteen years spent working on state water questions, is considered one of his finest appointments. Robie startled engineers in his department by ordering a study, from the start, of what had been accepted for ten years as fixed policy—bringing fresh water around, rather than through, the San Francisco Delta. This is a key to furnishing more water for Southern California. Robie's new approach emphasizes using, and reusing, all water in place rather than looking for new sources. He is the first anti-dam man ever to hold his job.

Brown's Air Resources Board has pleased liberals but not the business community. Led by Tom Quinn, Brown's former chief Deputy Secretary of State and one of the few administrators so close to the Governor that he dares to show real initiative, this board has issued some of the strictest limits on air pollutants ever proposed. Another little-heeded straw is the state corporation commission. Brown appointed a career man in the agency, a black named Willie Barnes, to the top post. It is an important one because redrafting of California's traditionally stringent corporation regulations has been underway and it looked for a time as though some corporate easy practices, of the sort tolerated in Delaware, might be implanted along the Pacific. Abruptly, Barnes let it be known that he had substantial tightening in mind. One of the state's experts in corporation law, University of California Prof. Richard Jennings, said that in twenty-five years he had never witnessed such vigorous protection of public interest and of shareholders' legitimate concerns as was shepherded by Barnes and assemblyman John Miller, who headed the legislative committee. "What a refreshing new day to see legislature and administration function together in the public interest," he said.

Although Brown when he came to office had only two places to fill on the five-man Public Utilities Commission, his vigorous choices have made such a mark they can often enlist a third vote to bring about some redirection in rate schedules. Under Reagan, utilities enjoyed a succession of huge rate increases, sometimes ordered in defiance of staff recommendation and sometimes without review of the justifying data. These easygoing ways have stopped: no rates go up "automatically"; utility balance sheets are closely checked; the staff's work is respected and appreciated. A "life-line" base rate for minimal household electricity, expected to meet the needs of a poor family, has been set and will not be affected by any further rate increases. Instead, the heavier share will be borne by industrial customers, rather than households. Rate calculations will also take into consideration what attempts an industry is making to conserve, rather than increase, its consumption of power. The thrust for these reforms came not from Brown's appointees but from protest groups, women's groups, neighborhood legal services and a consumer movement effectively rallied to this cause by Alinsky-style activists and others. However, they had gone unheard until Brown's commissioners came on board.

Is California better off under Brown than it was under Reagan? Such examples as I have cited and his own hard work prompt an enthusiastic "yes" even from Brown's most skeptical critics.

He has left the initiation of programs almost entirely to the legislature. The resulting vacuum in leadership irritates many, but Brown has purposely avoided the ambitious promise that is characteristic of political leadership. The signs are that the public recognizes the tack, and approves. He scales his aims small. He wants, he said at one point, "to reduce the sum of human misery a little. To help people expand their lives a little." That is consistent with the philosophy he absorbed from E. F. Schumacher's book, *Small is Beautiful*, which criticizes large-scale technology and massive institutions as in the long run more harmful to society than modest efforts. It is significant that Roy Bell, state finance director, who has seen Brown personally review and order the redirection of every department budget, believes he can observe within the immense bureaucracy of the state government "small changes that add up to significant new directions." Of course, some of the change is in style. Brown's agency heads are on a first-name basis with their staffs. Informality marks the long hours of work. Ron Robie found in the water resources office that the director's intercom system had been rigged so that his predecessor could call out to his assistants but they could not call in to him; they made appointments through his secretary. Robie has set aside his first hour at work for any department employee, however lowly, to come in and talk, and they do. The state government has a normal complement of rivalries, but a tremendous flow of communication is maintained. It was not that way under Reagan.

There is a growing expectation in California that Brown

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would have a major role in any brokered Democratic Convention, leading possibly to partnership on a ticket with Hubert Humphrey, if that should turn out to be the compromise. Such a possibility was seen in labor leader Henning's strong urging that Brown plunge into the Presidential fray. The young Californian is too canny to make an overt bid. However, the clearest disclosure this controlled and private politician makes about himself is that his principal message—his exhortations that social and political values should be modest, not monumental, and spiritual more than material—is pitched not to a California audience alone but to the nation. He thinks to draw a new consensus out of a public, no longer divided between liberal and conservative, perhaps not even between Democrat and Republican, but hard-working, pure of heart and dedicated to frugal goals. It may be that Brown is the Bicentennial phenomenon, summoning back the Pilgrim virtues. Impatient as California liberals become with elegantly phrased rhetoric along this line, they concede that he is avoiding McGovern's error of making extravagant commitments to economic change. When they note the public's consistent response to Brown's missionary talk, they speculate that the redistribution of national resources may have a better chance if it is presented on this small, unthreatening scale, which people approve, than when it is urged in massive social plans, which they fear. Brown believes that "small is beautiful" applies to politics as well as economics. The question remains who benefits from such a policy: those at the bottom of America's economic scale, or Brown personally? □

Thailand: Awaiting the Explosion

HARVEY WASSERMAN

While driving home from a political meeting in Bangkok on the morning of February 28, Dr. Boonsanong Bunyothayan, leader of the Socialist Party of Thailand, was shot and killed. The level of violence, especially from the Right, is rising rapidly as Thailand prepares to hold a national election on April 4. This Southeast Asian country served for years as a major military base for the United States in that area. The following article is by an American correspondent based in Bangkok.

Bangkok

The reality of Thailand can be summarized in one word—uncertainty. Many of the country's students have fanned out into the countryside, particularly to the north, where they are joining the already strong peasant radical movements. The Bangkok papers are filled with daily violence throughout rural Thailand. More than thirty peasant leaders have been killed in the past few years, and the movement in the countryside seems to be following a classic revolutionary pattern. Thai farmers are angry and not unaware of the success of their neighbors.

In the south, a Muslim separatist movement is making loud noises for independence. Within Bangkok itself, at least one factory has been seized by workers, who are now operating it with their own materials, for their own profit. Strikes have been occurring in the city and suburbs with increasing frequency and strength.

Every weekend hundreds of tents materialize on a large open field near the polluted Chao Phraya River in the middle of Bangkok. Thousands of vendors spend Saturday and Sunday hawking an incredible array of goods from cheap shirts and skirts to exotic Buddhas to musical instruments to monkeys, goldfish and stuffed cobras. Magic shows, cockfights and cobra-mongoose duels add to the chaos.

On the south side of the field looms the royal palace, huddled behind massive concrete walls, with ornate peaked roofs forming a backdrop for the market scene. To the east, between the market and the river, is Thammasat University, the most radical in Thailand, a focus of the 1973 overthrow of the reactionary Thanom regime.

The three realities—market, crown and university—maintain a precarious balance. Thailand is now the pivot of world attention on Asia. It is the only non-Communist government in Indochina. If Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam wanted to, they could march through Thailand in a week. The Thai atmosphere is tense, expectant and almost compulsively speculative. "Fascist in two years or Communist in five" is a popular coffeehouse opener and, if there is one point of agreement throughout the country, it is that an extreme right-wing government may well emerge here. But how long would it last?

Thailand has never been anyone's colony. Emerging from interminable wars with its Cambodian and Burmese neighbors, the kingdom of Siam showed remarkable flexibility and poise in dealing with the imperial incursions of the Dutch, British, French and, later, the Japanese and Americans. By bending with the political winds, the Siamese kings alone in Indochina maintained their independence throughout the 18th, 19th and 20th centuries.

Particularly after the mid-1800s rule of Rama IV (Yul Brynner in *The King and I*), Thai kings have been adaptable, intelligent and very much interested in Western ways. They managed to modernize their rule so successfully that the monarchy remained absolute until 1932.

When it finally did fall, Thai absolutism was replaced by a mixed bag of rightist militarists and moderate liberal intellectuals, who continue to trade roles and power. Since

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1932 there have been seven coups and nine constitutions, the king surviving as a figurehead throughout. In 1973 the country came under the military dictatorship of Thanom Kittikachorn, operating with the consent of the King. The Constitution had been scrapped two years before, and though there was deep discontent with the Thanom regime, it was firmly supported with massive American arms and aid and there was no apparent reason for it to fall.

But the Thanom regime had a fatal problem—Thanom's son Narong. A young playboy Colonel, Narong had his hands in unsavory projects ranging from war profiteering to the opium trade. Arrogant, ruthless and violent, Narong built up a large band of enemies both within the army and among the people.

Early in 1973 he prompted the scandal that brought down the regime. With a party of military and businessmen, Narong was observed at one of his favorite pastimes —flying through the Thung Yai Forest Reserve in a helicopter gunship, blasting away at the wildlife. Photographs of the slaughtered animals made their way into the Bangkok press, prompting a protest demonstration at Ramakamheng University in Bangkok in June. A few students were expelled for taking part in the demonstration.

That was the spark. Protests followed the expulsions and general discontent mounted. By October 6 a petition demanding a new national constitution had been signed by 100 university intellectuals and students. Sporadic demonstrations broke out in Bangkok and thirteen people were arrested on charges of leafletting. Throughout the week the demonstrations grew more vociferous, until participants numbered in the thousands. As the students gained momentum they uncovered bitter discontent within the general population. Dirt-poor shopkeepers and restaurant owners gave them food and opened their floors for sleeping. Thousands of workers joined the students in the streets. On October 14, no fewer than 300,000 Thais congregated at the Monument to Democracy in downtown Bangkok to protest the lack of a constitution and the jailing of the activists.

By then, Narong Kittikachorn had had enough. He was already isolated from the King and the rest of the military, partly due to the usual infighting and partly due to his own losses in the heroin trade, which had forced him to profiteer ruthlessly at the military's expense. On the 14th, he ordered troops under his command to open fire on the demonstration. No one knows how many people were killed, but estimates range from seventy to 500 and more.

In retaliation the enraged people of Bangkok burned the Central Police Station, the national lottery building and Narong's personal headquarters at the "anti-corruption" Bureau in Charge of Following Up Government Offices (BIFGO).

The slaughter in the streets brought a wave of revulsion and hatred from the Thai people. Clearly, the regime would have to go. King Rama IX went on television that evening to announce Thanom's dismissal, the appointment of a caretaker regime and the promise of a new constitution.

Phumipol Adulyadet (Rama IX) was born in Cambridge, Mass. while his father was studying medicine at Harvard. He was later educated in Switzerland. After World War II, the crown passed from Phumipol's uncle to his older brother, who became Rama VIII. But the teenaged Rama VIII died of a gunshot wound that has never been fully explained, although four people were executed in connection with his death.

When Phumipol became Rama IX, the Thai monarchy was at a low ebb. The kingdom was in chaos, slowly recovering from its World War II alliance with Japan, dominated by the military, threatened by an unhappy populace and overshadowed by a huge American presence. All in all, the role of the King seemed increasingly irrelevant.

But Phumipol had his own ideas. With the initial backing of dictator Sarit Thanarat, who needed an aura of legitimacy, the King spent more than two decades working tirelessly at building a constituency. He toured the countryside with the royal family, lavishing care and gifts on the people. With the legacy of a long Buddhist tradition of divine kingship, Phumipol has built an immense following among the Thai people. He is now undoubtedly the best-known and most popular politician in the country. His picture is in virtually every store, restaurant and bus in the country, and the evening TV news still opens with the day's royal doings, reported in a special stylized court language used only to address and describe the royal family. In February of this year, a Bangkok columnist was sentenced to three years' imprisonment for the crime of *lèse majesté* —in this case criticizing a speech made by the Queen at graduation ceremonies for police cadets.

It was no accident, then, that the October "revolution" in 1973 culminated with the royal appointment of a new government and constitutional assembly. Even at the height of their fury, Thai demonstrators had marched with pictures of the royal family to preserve their own legitimacy.

In his television announcement of October 14, Phumipol chose Thammasat University president Sanya Thammasakdi to head the interim government. He also appointed a convention of more than 2,000 Thai citizens, many of them drawn from the universities, to draft a new Constitution. Known as a moderate liberal, Sanya ruled more or less without making any decisions for fourteen months, until the Constitution could be put into effect and new elections held.

In January 1975, more than forty political parties emerged to compete for the 269 seats in the new Thai parliament. Not surprisingly, no party came close to holding a majority. After two weeks of infighting, Kukrit Pramoj, whose party controlled only fourteen seats, emerged as a weak compromise Prime Minister.

Educated in England, Kukrit is known as the most intellectual member of the royal family. He has a moderate liberal image, but a conservative core. Thai leftists consider him capable of extreme reaction given the right circumstances, and those circumstances may soon materialize. In mid-January, Kukrit abruptly dissolved parliament and called for new elections. Publicly his reason was that the fragmented party alliances made it im-

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possible for parliament to rule; privately, Kukrit was facing a no-confidence vote and was also saddled with a Cabinet he could not control. Assuming the role of caretaker, Kukrit soon appointed himself Minister of the Interior, the portfolio in charge of running elections.

Many leftists are now speculating that the elections, scheduled for April 4, may never take place. Others guess that even if they are held on schedule, the resulting parliament will be dissolved just as soon as Kukrit gets a Cabinet to his liking. The opinion that the election results will in any case be meaningless is becoming increasing popular.

The overriding fact is that nobody really knows what's going to happen. The Right is making ugly noises about the possibility of a Communist invasion, and some militarists are even demanding the retention of U.S. forces in Thailand. Rumors have abounded of secret U.S. bomb stores and B-52 stashes, but by and large the departure of the American military from Thailand seems a *fait accompli*, although the confusion is such that even that cannot be stated as certain.

The student movement remains powerful but has fragmented violently. Technical students, who played a key role in the October 14th revolution, have been infiltrated by police (leftists claim by the CIA) and have become profoundly alienated from the Left. They have led armed attacks on Thammasat as well as on striking workers and are now one of the most violent groups on the Thai Right.

Bangkok is a city in limbo. Crowded, dirty and uneasy, it seems poised on the edge of a major upheaval whose content is unknown. There is profound resentment against the continuing domination of American and Japanese investment over the Thai economy, and there are also deep anti-Communist, pro-monarchist feelings.

Neither the Left nor the Right has a unified national movement or any strong leadership. But few doubt that both sides will soon start to polarize, that the resulting violent struggle will write the story of Thailand for a long time to come. □

CAMPAIGN FINANCING

Twenty-Five-Dollar Democracy

RICHARD C. WADE

The recent Supreme Court ruling on campaign financing has understandably depressed those who have sought for so long to reduce the power of money in our political system. Wealthy office seekers will continue to have unconscionable advantage over those of lesser means. People with money to play with can still exercise a fuller freedom of speech than the rest of us. Most of the spending ceilings have been broken. Yet all is not lost. The Court did sustain the principle of public financing of elections, and the right of Congress to force disclosure and set limits on contributions. Since the Court has pretty well shattered the present legislation, it is not too soon to think of alternatives which employ the remaining tools. Indeed, there is no reason why election financing should not become an important campaign issue within both parties.

Even before the Supreme Court decision, the new legislation was not very satisfactory. It still allowed big contributors to exercise inordinate influence in choosing and electing candidates. To be sure, it prohibited them from contributing the kind of money that has bought embassies and agencies in the past, but they can still dispense large sums. A single donor can give up to $25,000, though only $1,000 to any one candidate. Moreover, he is free to spend as he sees fit on most state elections, where limitations are weak and enforcement haphazard. The restraints are even fewer and more fragile on local elections. As Sen. Henry Jackson put it so elegantly in New York recently, "It's still cash in the bank that counts."

The great problem with the present approach to election financing is that it is obsessed with ceilings and limiting the influence of the few (which it does not), rather than encouraging the participation of the many. A more promising route for reform begins at the other end of the process. The following proposal is, I think, simple, equitable, easily monitored and clearly constitutional. It calls for new federal legislation to give each *registered* voter a $25 tax credit *every year* for political contributions. Voters are free to give it to a candidate, a committee or a party. Each voter can award it in a lump sum or divide it. But no voter, and no one else, can give more. The limitation may seem small, but if most of the registered voters used the credit, more than $500 million a year would be available to support our political system at every level across the nation. A sustained campaign of public education would help to assure that voters did indeed take advantage of the tax credit to support the parties and candidates of their choice. Nor is the $25 ceiling constitutionally in doubt: the Supreme Court decision clearly sustained the right of Congress to limit the level of individual contributors.

This proposal has many advantages over the present system, while avoiding most of the dangers of the new legislation with its Court deletions:

¶ It eliminates the large contributor altogether. There are no loopholes; no dummy committees; no under-the-table transactions. It is simply illegal for anyone to give more than $25 a year for political purposes. Union mem-

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bers and corporate employees are still free to give their contributions to union or corporate committees, but they may also give directly to a candidate. But neither the union nor the corporation can give funds independently of the limited contributions of its members. The recipient of a contribution would be obliged to give the donor a receipt, which would be filed with the tax return, and to send a duplicate of the receipt to the Internal Revenue Service. Illegal contributions would show up immediately at IRS.

¶ It provides a serious candidate with all the money necessary to run a decent campaign. Any aspirant who cannot attract enough support translated into contributions ought not be running anyway. Marginal candidates, maintained by mysterious money, would disappear; "spoilers" who run to defeat others rather than elect themselves would be exposed.

¶ It disposes of one of the most difficult problems of public financing—some kind of necessarily artificial formula for distributing tax funds to candidates. Under this proposal, incumbents and challengers, party members and independents, will have equal access to financial support, though newcomers, as they do now, will have the initial problem of making their views known. The voters, by their contributions, will define a "major" candidate or a "serious" party. It is worth noting that in its recent decision, the Supreme Court assumed that we have a two-party system and other efforts are to be considered irregular and evanescent. This comes as a surprise to historians and surely complicates the analysis of, say, the elections of 1860 and 1912, usually considered important by most scholars.

¶ It provides a strong incentive for registration because the credit is available *only* to registered voters. Coupled with mail registration, this system could stem the embarrassing decline of voter participation.

¶ It is easily administered and monitored; the machinery is already in place, but instead of the present $1 credit, the allowance is simply increased.

¶ It builds accountability into campaigning. Those who contribute will soon, no doubt, want to know from the candidate where the money went. At present, a donor has no idea. Usually, a disproportionate amount goes to support bloated staffs at unnecessary headquarters, or is thrown into "programmed" advertising dreamed up by hired public relations firms, or is swallowed by what is euphemistically called the "expenses" of the candidate's managers.

¶ It would end the demeaning and time-consuming part of the candidate's chores of fund raising. Instead of submitting to the brutality of endless rounds of cocktail parties and dinners, candidates could spend their time persuading ordinary voters of the importance of their efforts.

¶ Perhaps most of all, it frees candidates to propose what they want and to say what they believe. Candidates would no longer have to trim their opinions to suit the views of a relatively few wealthy contributors.

¶ Moreover, since it operates at state and local levels, it affects all elections, not just federal ones. This is important because most candidates accumulate their political debts at the local level long before they run for federal offices. It doesn't take much money to help out someone running for the city council or the state legislature, and by the time the candidate heads for the federal stage the "contracts" have all been let.

¶ It also encourages elected officials to keep their constituents informed and serviced, because a voter could choose to give to an incumbent even if that incumbent were not running in a particular year.

In short, the $25 tax credit equalizes voters and brings them all into the financing of the political process. If there is to be public financing, and that is inevitable, what better way than to broaden participation in this crucial area? Under this proposal, all serious candidates, no matter how modest their personal resources, would have a sporting chance of getting nominated and elected. And those who have exerted inordinate influence by making substantial contributions will become ordinary citizens again, using their $25 a year to sustain a genuinely democratic political system. In this Bicentennial year, it would be well to get rid of the funding fathers and get back to the principles of the founding fathers. □

PRACTICE—AND MALPRACTICE

THE MEDICAL INSURANCE DISEASE

GEORGE A. SILVER, M.D.

In *Harper's Weekly* for February 9 appears a touching letter from a mother with two children in medical school. She notes that of three letters in her mail, one is a bill from a doctor with a mimeographed note to the effect that, because his malpractice insurance rates have "quintupled," his fees are to be increased. From her third-year medical student son, a letter to the effect that he is working seventy hours a week. From her first-year medical student daughter, a scribbled note enthusiastically describing courses in anatomy, osteology and rape counseling. Her doctor's note included a plea, "write to the legislature," to obtain relief from the high costs of insurance. She wonders what to say to the legislators.

She concludes: "Please straighten out the ridiculous medical equation. On one side we have a shortage of doctors but not enough schools . . . on the other are high

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malpractice costs that are forcing some doctors to quit and preventing new ones from opening up a practice." Aside from the fact that there is no evidence that many doctors have quit, or failed to enter practice, the message is clear: sympathy for the profession and, by implication, the charge of legislative fumbling.

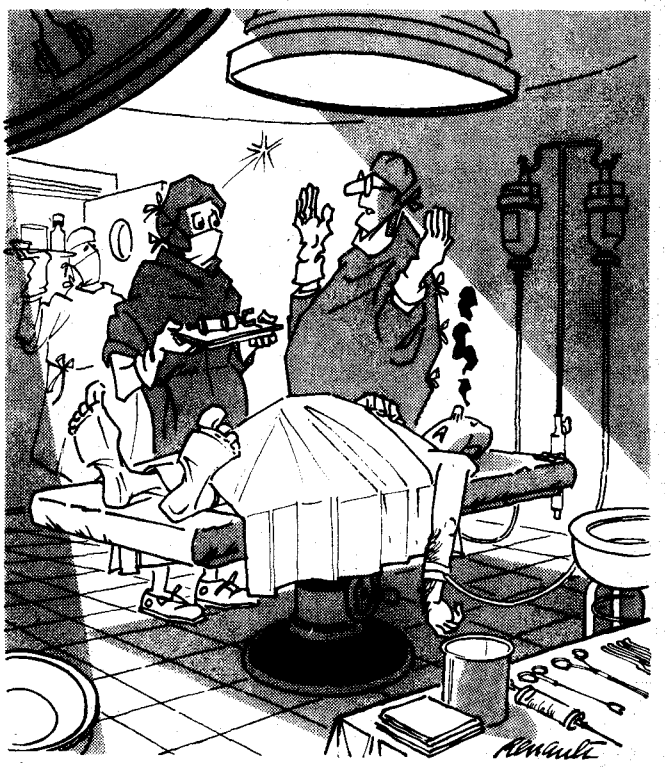
The "malpractice mess" is historically rooted in the American system of medical practice. It is not a recent vagary of an otherwise smoothly functioning mechanism, an aberration easily set right by some legislative legerdemain. Like the "welfare mess," the situation stems from clashing social theories as to the need for, or solution to, social problems. In fact, the malpractice tangle will not be unsnarled until the larger issues of medical practice and distributive inequities are resolved.

Malpractice is the term used to describe a negligent act performed by someone practicing medicine (or by an institution providing medical services) which causes harm (legally, "damage") to the patient. The injury comes under the heading of "torts" in law, and the injured party can sue for "damages," which may include more than physical injury. The practice of medicine does not allow the doctor to invade the patient's body without his consent. And that must be *informed* consent. He must warn the patient of all the risks involved, obtain his consent, and instruct him properly on consequences and what his behavior should be following the doctor's visit. Without such information, consent and follow-up, the patient may also consider himself damaged. And without that background to medical treatment or without proper care, the doctor or institution is at *fault*. For malpractice to be considered, there must be damage and fault.

Doctors have been accused of negligence and errors of diagnosis and treatment since the beginnings of the profession. Sly and often painful digs at the incompetence or stupidity of doctors can be found in the earliest classical writings. Nicarchus in the first century, observed, "Marcus the physician called yesterday on the marble Zeus. Though marble and though Zeus, the funeral is today." Doctors have been held liable for their mistakes and punished by law ever since laws have been recorded; the Code of Hammurabi provided that, if an operation ended fatally, the physician's hands were to be cut off. In the United States, doctors have been carrying malpractice insurance as a regular matter only since the 1930s. Before then, adverse effects of medical practice were either not recognized, accepted as inevitable hazards of medical care or malpractice cases were so few that physicians could afford to insure themselves.

California led the way, in the 1930s, with a significant jump in malpractice claims, and other states followed. However, it was not until after World War II that malpractice claims began to have a significant effect on the practice of medicine. The increase accompanied the growing wealth of the population and wider use of medical services, greater recourse to new medication, technology, surgery and more complex and hazardous intervention by doctors into the human body. Also, and in no small way, it accompanied the widely trumpeted successes of modern medicine: magical drugs, miraculous diagnostic and therapeutic procedures. Patients began to expect cures and to attribute failures to poor care, not to accidents of fate.

Between 1960 and 1970 the cost of malpractice insurance increased tenfold for surgeons ($229 per year to $2,300). In 1970, according to the Report of the Secretary's Commission on Medical Malpractice, 14,500 claims were filed. More than half of them were derived from surgical treatments (though not necessarily by surgeons) and less than half were settled with financial award to the claimant. Actually, only 6.5 per cent of the claims went to trial, settlement of the others being made out of court. While 3 per cent of all claims resulted in awards of more than $100,000, the total amount paid to settle claims cannot be stated precisely, since out-of-court settlements are difficult to tabulate.



Sacramento Bee

"We Won't Need an Anesthetic. I Just Told Him What My Bill Will Be."

In 1970, physicians, dentists, hospitals and other allied health personnel paid $350 million for professional liability. How much of that actually went to patients is also difficult to assess. Neil Chayet, a lawyer with considerable experience in the field, wrote a letter to *The New York Times* disputing other correspondents and estimating that of the $1 billion (!) assigned to settlements in 1974, only $250 million went to the injured, the rest being spent on costs, including lawyers' fees.

The real rumblings of discontent, expressing fear along with warnings of skyrocketing costs, began in the late 1960s. Some insurance companies withdrew from the malpractice insurance business and the medical so-

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cieties began to search frantically for coverage, some attempting to create self-insuring pools. About that time, California jury awards to plaintiffs began to exceed the $1-million mark.

Last year, when a large insurance carrier quit the field and another announced premium increases of 175 per cent to 500 per cent, the malpractice issue moved into the front pages. New York and California took the lead, this time in protest, as surgeons and anesthetists, hardest hit by the phenomenal increases, determined to "strike." Actually, it was what is known in union terminology as a "job action," the doctors refusing to do anything that wasn't clearly an emergency.

Pressure from the doctors, in response to frighteningly large premiums, produced legislative action in a number of states, particularly in Indiana, Illinois, Maryland, Pennsylvania and New York. California, however, resisted. Governor Brown, a maverick in many ways, wanted as a *quid pro quo* a large commitment from the doctors for self-help, and also for community action (service in underserved areas). California's action is still in abeyance.

The problem was undoubtedly real: on the basis of the new rates, an orthopedist was to pay $45,000 for malpractice insurance, so that the first $900 he earned each week would go for insurance premiums. Nevertheless, when examined from its roots, the malpractice crisis emerges not as the disease but only as a symptom of the disease of the medical practice system in the United States.

In the beginning, the trial lawyers were seen as responsible and underwent vigorous public scrutiny. Malpractice cases are customarily taken by lawyers on a contingency basis, which gives counsel added incentive to sue and to win. However, as the lawyers were also quick to point out, contingency agreements make it possible for poor people to get legal services and redress of injury otherwise quite beyond their means.

Charges were bandied back and forth between doctors and lawyers: allegations of ambulance chasing against the lawyers, that they were prepared to sue if only to be bought off for nuisance value, allegations of gross incompetence against the doctors, that the mounting number of cases represented greater public recognition of their incompetence and that the numbers were only the "tip of the iceberg."

First in New York, where the Argonaut insurance carrier announced its whopping premium increases, and then in California, doctors "hit the bricks," to compel the legislature to take action to protect them from the increases of suits and to moderate the cost of premiums, and at the same time correct the legal situation that made such premiums necessary. The doctors wanted the legislatures to put a ceiling on awards, to eliminate contingency fees, to give them relief from having to stand the cost of medical care and "pain and suffering" even when what the doctor had done for his patient was consonant with good medical practice and he had committed no error. The doctors wanted state protection from uncontrolled costs.

Then it was the insurance companies' turn to feel the whip. Argonaut, whose premium hikes had started the agonized response, turned out to have had reasons in addition to malpractice claim settlements for raising the ante. According to *Medical World News*, the company, part of a conglomerate, had made injudicious investments of its reserves, which stock market losses had then so depleted that huge premium increases were needed to restore them to acceptable levels. In addition, the increases were to remain as protection against future drains on reserves. According to recent newspaper reports on the misdeeds of American corporations abroad, Tenneco, the conglomerate of which Argonaut is a part, has admitted spending $12 million on foreign bribes.

It is true, however, that insuring against negligence suits in the medical field is a chancy business. In most states, patients can sue from the time an injury is *recognized*, which may be a long time after the occurrence. Even if there is a statute of limitations, say two or three years, if twelve or fifteen years elapse before the injury is recognized, the reserve must be available to cover the possible settlement or court award at that later date.

This particular element of the problem leads to additional complexities. The doctor may have died, or quit practice and dropped his insurance. The premiums of ten or fifteen years ago couldn't begin to cover the awards made today. To remain solvent, the insurance company will want to charge premiums today that may offset future awards of much greater magnitude. Insurers say claims have a long "tail." So the law comes in for criticism, and most heavily from the doctors who pay the new extravagant premiums. They would like a statute of limitations that runs from the time of occurrence, rather than from the time of discovery, but that might be unfair to many patients.

In addition, juries and the jury system were criticized as causing or at least aggravating the malpractice tangle. It is suggested that juries are more likely than judges to disdain facts, to sympathize with the plaintiff as against the defendant doctor or hospital; and perhaps to ignore the cost of "sticking it" to the defendant, since some unnamed insurance company would have to pay. Did jurors, perhaps, have ambiguous feelings about doctors, a love/hate relationship, and use the award as a way to release animosity? The argument now being heard is that judges or expert panels should decide malpractice cases, not juries.

There is some doubt that juries, or laymen in general, understand that a doctor may be innocent of negligence, even though he has done an injury. There is such a thing as imperfect knowledge and the best procedure of today could in the future be found the wrong, even the worst possible, procedure. The "best" medical knowledge of the 1940s ordered 100 per cent oxygen for premature babies; the "best" medical knowledge of the 1950s forbade such use on pain of producing blindness in those infants. The "best" medical knowledge of the 1940s ordered diethylstilbestrol for women who bled in early pregnancy; the "best" medical knowledge today warns of cancer occurring in children born to women who receive that hormone in early pregnancy.

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After doctors, lawyers, law and juries, the patient has his turn in the dock. He is accused, at best, of unreasonable expectations. The newspapers, magazines and TV have convinced him that, since modern medicine is magical and all-healing, any variation from perfect success must be sloppy medicine. Or he is sly, cashing in on the insurance company habit of settling out of court to avoid expensive litigation. Even a few hundred dollars divided between patient and lawyer is a pleasant windfall.

According to the polls, patients tend to be more sympathetic to doctors in this "crisis" than to lawyers or legal complexity. That is understandable, after all, when the doctors carry out a "job action," postponing elective surgery or all but emergency care, the patient feels the pinch. He then hears that the doctors are doing this on his behalf, since rising insurance costs will be reflected in bigger fees and hospital charges. Doctors are less ready to return this sympathy because, next to greedy lawyers, they hold the "ignorant" patient or the conniving one responsible for the avalanche of malpractice cases. To the extent that patients are uninformed as to the causes of medical failures the doctor is right. Much more information for and education of the layman in regard to the capabilities, as well as the inequities and evils, of the present medical care system is necessary. But this needs to be information—not polemical exhortation, or dramatic horror stories. A basic grammar of the system is essential for dealing with malpractice.

From Congressional hearings, consumer studies and self-studies by the profession, it becomes all too clear that there is much amiss in the house of medicine. Doctors intervene too much, operate too much, prescribe too much, often ignorantly. Also, there is so much to know and do in diagnosis and treatment that doctors who haven't kept up with professional knowledge and practice may undertake too little. Doctors don't learn enough about drugs in school. Therefore, when they enter practice, they are at the mercy of drug companies for information. Self-treatment, in the form of drugs bought over the counter, is a well-known phenomenon that leads to disastrous consequences for many people. But the misuse of drugs by physicians, whereby the trusting patient may be mortally damaged, is far more common than suspected. Of the 6 billion doses of antibiotic medicines administered each year by injection or prescription, it is estimated that 22 per cent are unnecessary. Of the doses given, 10,000 result in fatal or near-fatal reactions. Somewhere between 2,000 and 10,000 deaths probably would not have occurred if the drugs, meant for the patient's benefit, had not been given.

Surgery is so lucrative and there are so many people doing surgery that countless uteri, tonsils, appendixes and gall bladders are removed for insufficient cause. And of course, it is inevitable that some doctors (how many?) share the greed and cupidity of the acquisitive society of which they are a part. Since medical societies have never been stern in their supervision, drug addicts and alcoholics, venal types and those made ignorant by age or illness may continue to practice medicine long after they have given evidence of their lethal incompetence. Quite a full cell of culprits!

Some relatively simple steps can be taken to reduce the size and zooming growth of malpractice costs, but the problem will only remain to grow at a slower rate. Some states have already undertaken these steps. Indiana, for example, introduced a modified plan developed with physicians' cooperation that limited doctors' liability to $100,000, set up a state insurance fund to cover the balance, put a limit on time within which suits could be filed, set a fixed percentage for lawyers' fees, and introduced other physician-directed changes. Costs, however, are still rising in Indiana. Alaskan doctors are practicing without insurance, in a bold attempt to frustrate jury awards based on the "let the insurance company pay" principle. Some articles in business-oriented medical journals advise physicians to put their possessions in their wives' names and thus avoid attachment of property in case of suit loss.

Leaving the law and lawyers to one side, the doctors' part in causing the spate of suits in recent years is increasingly clear. Recent testimony before the Congress by witnesses with a variety of experiences as patients, and academic investigators into the quality of surgical practice, indicates that approximately 3 million unnecessary surgical procedures are done in the United States each year. Since the chance of any surgery ending in death is about 0.5 per cent, these groups estimate that about 15,000 deaths each year are attributable to unnecessary surgery. American doctors like to think that patients in this country suffer from the "Marcus Welby syndrome": expectations of perfect behavior and perfect results from medical practice and practitioners. Perhaps so. But Canadian doctors pay $400 a year for malpractice insurance, British doctors even less. In those other countries orderly medical-care systems, expert panels and arbitration mechanisms are procedures for policing the profession by the profession that may have more to do with the relative rates than Marcus Welby.

With the most meticulous attention to improvement of the law, education of patients and even reduction of the supernatural belief in the magic of medicine, there would still remain incompetence—the preventable mistakes in surgery, for example; ignorance—the misuse of drugs; and greed—the unnecessary surgery and accompanying excess complications and deaths. No body of professional men and women is without weaklings. But at present we don't know how many physicians are incompetent, or so careless or badly educated that they should not be allowed to practice. We do not know how many doctors suffer from alcoholism, drug abuse or other physical or mental infirmities that make their attempts at practice a clear and present danger.

Unless a whole series of steps is taken, the situation will grow progressively worse. The forces at work haven't yet reached their peak. Awards can be greater, suits and claims can increase in number as discontent with the medical-care system and doctor attitudes increases; publicity as to the size of the awards will undoubtedly encourage plaintiffs and their lawyers to hold out rather than settle, increasing the costs to insurance companies.

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Three simultaneous drives ought to be undertaken to put the matter of malpractice, malpractice costs and medical responsibility into proper focus. First, the system of medical practice must be organized to deliver competent, modern, effective care that eliminates financial incentives for unnecessary medical activities while guaranteeing patients needed medical services. Second, the medical profession needs to be upgraded and policed (by itself as well as by outside audit). Finally, an expert screening panel for objective and unbiased arbitration of cases and grievances should be interposed between the claimant and the court.

There seems to be no doubt that the doctors must do more to clean up their shop. And there seems to be little doubt that the present haphazard training system produces specialists in skewed ratios, as well as geographical maldistribution. These disproportions, in turn, result in poor care in resource deprived areas and, in areas where doctors congregate, an excess of surgery, unnecessary surgery, competitive prescription of diagnostic services and therapeutic measures that have no benefit to the patient and in some instances endanger his life.

The Congressional hearings on unnecessary surgery, chaired by Representative Moss of California, turned up an overflow of horrors, frightening to patients and embarrassing to doctors. The anecdotal material was distressing enough, such as that of the California woman who was told to bring in her four children and a niece who happened to be staying with the family, for tonsillectomies by a doctor who had cursorily examined one child. But in addition, the committee heard reports from a study carried on by the American College of Surgeons. It seems that, by the professional standards of the surgeons' own guild, half the complications in the cases reviewed and almost 40 per cent of the deaths, were preventable. This evidence of the poor quality of American surgery generally was highlighted by the testimony of a Cornell University medical team, which made a study on behalf of District 37, a department store workers' union. This study stipulated only that there be a second opinion, a consultation, in each case where elective surgery was recommended, the penalty for failure to comply being that the union would not pay the bill. As a result, of the elective surgery recommended in 1,300 cases over a three-year period, *17 per cent of the patients* were not confirmed for surgery. The largest number of "not confirmed" and therefore not recommended procedures was, as most doctors would expect, in the gynecological/surgical area—hysterectomies and dilatation and curettage procedures.

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Just this month, Blue Cross and other health plans in New York and several other states announced an experimental program in which subscribers recommended for surgery may receive a second opinion (and if the first two are in disagreement, a third opinion), entirely at the expense of the insurer. Health plans have been battling soaring costs for years, and their primary motive here is to reduce claims. But if their hunch is right that second opinions will eliminate a significant number of unnecessary operations, they will have done their clients a major service.

To bring the threads together, I have tried to outline a "perfect" control system, one that would protect patient, doctor and public.

(1) Medical practice: a national health service of organized care, in groups and teams, accountable to supervisory authorities representing doctors and patients, paid for by a government insurance fund with no money changing hands at the time of medical service. Mandatory second opinion in all procedures involving hazard.

(2) All doctors on salary—not necessarily to government but to any organization qualified to serve patients under the national health service system.

(3) Medical boards of review, like the mandated Professional Standards Review Organizations, but including representatives of the public and of professions in addition to medicine.

Arbitration is increasingly popular—from all sides—as an important aspect of the suggested solutions. The objectivity involved and the time saved by condensing the customary judicial process are very attractive. The claimant's legal right to file suit need not be infringed either, if the arbitration is voluntary, since if he is dissatisfied with the result of the arbitration, he can always go on to court action. Compulsory arbitration somehow doesn't appeal to everyone, perhaps from a habit of reliance on the common law and a distrust of nonofficial bodies that do not provide suitable avenues of appeal. And *binding* arbitration, the results of the process to be binding upon both parties, is usually rejected because it may be considered to deprive the patient claimant of his constitutional rights to redress of injury.

(4) Penalties for negligent medical behavior ranging from fines to loss of practice privileges for varying periods of time, up to and including permanent loss of licensure.

(5) Elimination of excess training programs for oversupplied specialties—like surgery—and professional and public policy making through planning bodies for an appropriate mix in the production of specialists.

(6) Clifford Gaus, a research administrator in the Social Security Administration, recommends analysis of the economic consequences of introducing new procedures, instruments or equipment. If the existing technology is satisfactory, no new technology should be introduced that will increase costs directly or indirectly (requiring new personnel).

(7) A comprehensive national system of continuing education for medical professionals of all levels. The argument that there should be periodic relicensing makes

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sense only if there is a real instrument for keeping knowledge and practice current. To rely on "lectures" at medical societies, or cassettes to be listened to in the car while driving to and from the hospital, is ludicrous. Effective refresher courses are time-consuming and expensive. In the present fee-for-service entrepreneurial marketplace of medical practice, a proper system of continuing re-education is almost impossible. Given a National Health Service in which all physicians will be on salary and responsive to an organized system, physicians can be taken out of their practice setting, returned to graduate training for sufficiently long periods. The Czech postgraduate training university brings in physicians every third year (theoretically) for three months at a time. The slot the doctor filled can be taken up by a colleague or by a resident as a "locum tenens." Supporting the doctor for the period when he is not working at patient care, and maintaining a 20 per cent personnel oversupply to make up for the group in postgraduate training will cost money. It may be an economy if it does no more than save the $4.8-billion cost of excess surgery.

(8) Now come the rather lesser matters of legal-system control. Contingency fees must go. As in England, a screening group of physician experts will decide on the merits of a case and recommend settlement or court action. An arbitration panel would be available to decide on the justice of the claim and recommend the size of the settlement if there were to be any. The patient can proceed to court with his claim; however, the information and recommendations of the panels would be available to the court.

(9) The final point needs to be directed at the training areas for doctors. If the medical schools discharge their roles properly in educating students for practice, the kinds of information discussed here, and the kind of responsibility implied, will produce doctors who more closely fit the patient's expectations than do physicians conditioned by a laboratory-oriented, rather than patient-oriented education. The result may also go a long way to restoring patient's confidence in and respect for the doctor's work and lead to less suspicion, charges and claims of damage and injury.

We started with the sad letter from the lady with two children in medical school who saw the whole matter as an unfair weight upon *doctors*. In a sense, that is how the public also sees the problem. What the lady wanted is what the polls indicate the public would like to see—protection of the doctor. Of course, given the facts in perspective, the lady and the public would like to see the patient protected, too. In that case, more than legislation to put a ceiling on awards, or to eliminate contingency fees for negligence lawyers will have to be undertaken. And those steps have been outlined: better education of the doctor and the public; better supervision of medical practice; more organized and cooperative medical practice. Patients should be informed of these matters as well.

These steps are a long way off. Congress is still concerned wholly with cost-control factors, like review of admissions and discharges in hospitals; ceilings on expenditures such as the so-called "catastrophic health insurance" bills; and better distribution of resources through manipulation of medical education. The focus is on the symptoms. A broader understanding will be required before an approach that will encompass the disease itself can be built into law. □

POKER-CHIP DIPLOMACY

JENNIFER SEYMOUR WHITAKER

As U.S. foreign policy drifts along in the post-Vietnam doldrums, we seem to have become increasingly fond of gaming metaphors. In the recent African adventure, for instance, our short-lived ally, Angola's erstwhile "pro-Western" FNLA liberation movement, was dubbed "our horse in the race," alternatively "our card in the deck." Thus we view our diplomacy as a game in which players make deals and exchange "bargaining chips."

In light of our apparently desultory support for this latest losing cause, the notion of a poker chip seems particularly apt. One pictures a small colored disk, valueless except for what it signifies in the game when tossed onto the table. And what was the insurgent group to us other than an instrumentality so pure, so detached from its own actual African existence, that we remained indifferent to its very evident weakness as a force within Angola? We seized upon it when we got into the game a year ago, on the apparent theory that one must have chips to play. And play we must when challenged, dragging ourselves bone-weary and brain-numb to the table whenever our adversary riffs the deck.

It seems it really *isn't* whether we win or lose—for here we never had a chance. Stacked against us from the outset were: the shaky structure of the faction we backed; the history of our alliance with Portugal, the former colonial power; the years of fairly consistent Soviet support for *its* horse in the race; our role as South Africa's firmest Western friend and our *de facto* alignment with Pretoria in the Angolan conflict. Added to all this was the predictably meager appeal to the U.S. citizenry of any involvement in an African civil war—as against the Soviet Government's *carte blanche* to intervene. So the FNLA could only have been a bargaining chip to us, a token of our intent to play the game with the Soviets.

Jennifer Seymour Whitaker is the Associate Editor of Foreign Affairs.

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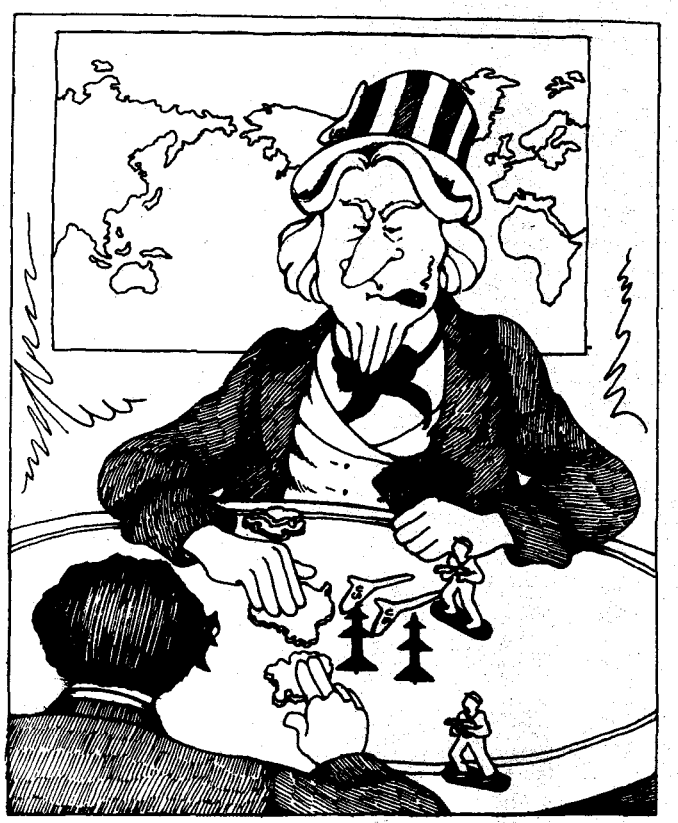
And if only Congress had staked the administration to more arms and ammunition we could have checked and raised our adversary, maybe even bluffed him into folding his hand; at the least we'd still be in the game. The



Janice Stapleton

primacy of the game itself, of the maneuvering process, of just doing *something* has here reached its apex (or *nadir*). But we have been moving toward this point for some time, betting on longer and longer shots, as our attempts to proffer carrot or brandish stick have become increasingly random and slapdash.

The departure from Vietnam certainly was partly imbued with this quality, though there at least we did keep our eye on our overriding aim—to get out. But our exit was preceded by wantonly showered chips of every denomination: from the 1972 bombing and mining of North Vietnam and Christmas bombing of Hanoi, to the unredeemed pledge of aid for North Vietnamese reconstruction, to the heaps of materiel frantically poured into a crumbling South Vietnam. This latter constituted our only significant response to the situation there after the Paris Accords had been signed—an attempt to keep the game going even if we were no longer sitting in ourselves.

In the Middle East, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's step-by-step negotiations have proved an ultimately fruitless effort to focus on the bargaining process rather than on its final outcome—to make the medium into the message. The intent was to alter the positions of the adversaries through their participation in the process, but the whole enterprise seems to have bogged down after an exchange of chips between the adversaries, with something to sweeten the pot from the United States—26 miles of land from the Israelis; access to the Suez Canal and the Red Sea from the Egyptians; nuclear reactors (perhaps) from the United States for the Egyptians, and advanced missiles for the Israelis.

It was, of course, the SALT talks that launched "bargaining chips" into common parlance, and for negotiations on strategic arms deployment, whose elements are concrete and quantifiable, the metaphor is most justifiable and perhaps really useful. But even here it may have gotten out of hand. In the first place it has often been unclear whether the Pentagon thought of their weapons as chips for use in negotiating with the Soviets or with the arms appropriations committees of the U.S. Congress. And second, the urge to hoard the chips rather than toss them on the table often seems to become irresistible—we will now probably deploy the cruise missiles which were developed originally as chips. We have grown so fond of them that we can't bear to relinquish them in any exchange.

One would hope that the final throes of our chipmanship were reached with the Moynihan-inspired policy of tit for tat toward the entire Third World. Here it is difficult to tell whether we are negating our positive chips or positing our negative chips: in withdrawing aid from those who vote against us in the United Nations we appear to be beating them with our carrot.

At this juncture, what we obviously need is a new metaphor, and I suggest that we sweep aside all the paraphernalia of our recent gaming and reflect on the metaphoric possibilities of classic physics. What we need now, facing an untidy world that we cannot control, is to think in terms of *leverage*. That implies the systematic creation of a structure of relationships which will enable us to employ our real advantages to gain the fullest measure of influence and control. Unlike chips, which are spent, leverage is built into the system and can be used again and again. Our relationships with Europe have, since the end of World War II, more or less continued to embody this concept. But now we must learn to approach the Third World—as well as the Soviet presence there—in a more systematic, less random fashion.

Angola offers an unparalleled negative example. We had no leverage in that situation: first of all because our military aid to Portugal, as well as a fairly rigid policy of noncommunication with the liberation movements from 1969 onward, had effectively cut us off; and, second, because our guardianship of both Portuguese and South African interests in the United Nations had brought our stock in African forums very low, virtually eliminating the possibility that we could in any way influence the deliberations of the Organization of African Unity. In order to regain influence in Africa—and counter the Soviets there—we must carefully build diplomatic and political bridges to individual nations and to the OAU, and we must offer a more than illusory promise of economic advantage from the relationship. If we are unwilling to expend the effort or resources required, we might as well pull up our drawbridges now—it will avail us little to toss good chips after bad across the moat. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Heritage of the Ghetto

WORLD OF OUR FATHERS: The Journey of East European Jews to America and the Life they Found and Made. *By Irving Howe. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 714 pp. $14.95.*

MARCUS KLEIN

The great figures are such as: Lillian Wald, the nurse who founded the Henry Street Settlement and spent her life among the immigrants of the Lower East Side; Meyer London, the Socialist who was elected to Congress from the Lower East Side for three terms, a modest man whose feelings were both stirred and fulfilled by the lives of the ordinary Jewish workingmen who were his neighbors, and who did not want more; David Dubinsky, who despite his having achieved great prominence and great power, remained "one of us" and at ease with his own people; Abraham Reisen, a poet to whom the fate of being a Yiddish-speaking Jew in America seemed utterly ordinary, whose poems therefore expressed an ethic taken to be normal rather than normative; Maurice Schwartz, actor and founder of the Yiddish Art Theatre, who "understood in his bones that, finally, the kind of theatre he wanted to create could flourish only if it were rooted in Yiddish culture, in its deep if narrow soil, in the native, the indigenous, even the provincial."

These, together with some dozens of others, bespeak not heroism in any usual sense, nor extravagance nor flamboyance but rather a great persistence of cultural exemplification. They lived, their shades are to be encountered, and therefore something else must really have had existence: a moment of spiritual discreteness, such a coherence of circumstances and manners and language and ideas and ideals as to indicate a society, perhaps a civilization and in any event a home. Such lives, being defined by intricacies of cultural linkages and associations, bear witness to a prior culture.

And that, in the circumstances, is heroism enough. The primary circumstance of *World of Our Fathers* is that its subject is nothing if not elusive. The essential given subject is an historical episode of approximately forty-five years' duration (*ca.* 1881 to *ca.* 1924, from the assassination of Czar Alexander II to the Immigration Quota Act), involving the displacement of 2 million Jews from a locale—chiefly areas of Poland and Russia—of extremely ambiguous cultural identity, to another locale, in America and mostly New York City, of at least equal ambiguity. Because the episode was so short-lived and because at both ends, *terminus a quo* and *terminus ad quem*, identity was so much contingent upon the whims and wills as also the seductions and allurements of others, it is very difficult to determine what it is that these 2 million Jews had in common, and what they bequeathed—other, indeed, than the history of their transition. Even the language, Yiddish, was in good part a matter of local and changing agglomerations. Even this population's governing formal ideas, which in fact can be particularized, boggle definition because they add up to a mess of contradictions—in one of Howe's summary statements: "socialism *and* nationalism, universalism *and* resistance to assimilation, religious sentiment *and* modernist rationalism."

The achievement of *World of Our Fathers* is, then, in one way triumphant. The hundreds of anecdotes, and the evaluations and the recapitulations of historical situations—what, for instance, step by step, were the eventualities of passing through the immigrant station at Castle Garden in 1881?—and the narratives of ideas (socialism, modernist poetry), and the photographs and preeminently the rescued documents (fragments from the Yiddish press, unpublished memoirs)—all of these make elegy credible. The lives, so rich in detail, betoken a stability, no matter how fleeting, and an organic culture, no matter how riven by inconsistencies. Something really was there. For a random example, when Sholom Aleichem died in 1916 and 100,000 people came to his apartment to mourn, there was proof that a culture existed.

And this kind of assertion is important, as important for American Jews as in its kind it is important for any and all of the American minorities. It is Howe's intention to praise, of course. There are so few Americans in America, and consequently among all of us non-Americans the need for a sense of roots and tradition is quite especially exacerbated. Everybody wants a ghetto to look back to. Homage is the preliminary necessity, wanting only an object. Howe's attitude toward the object is not one of undiscriminating piety, but the affection is frank, melodious and sustained. The materials of the historical episode have been made over into a vision, and the vision has a warmth and a glow. The last words of this long book are, "Let us now praise obscure men," which invocation expresses the important point of the enterprise.

The attitude also excludes some possibilities of historical recollection. It softens and has a dissolving effect. It qualifies harshness and aggressions, and extremities of several sorts.

For one thing, it qualifies the amount by which this particular culture was forced into being by the fear and hostility of the host culture, which just in the moment of the New Immigration was discovering its Anglo-Saxon essentiality. Necessarily, Howe does cite instances of the surrounding Judeophobia, some low and some higher, but so frequently pretentiously glib as to be apparently trivial. (In the issue for February 5, 1891, *The Nation* speculated on the character of the East European immigrants, finding some of the immigration to be "of excellent character, and some of it quite the reverse.") And he is much more interested in the "American Responses"—the title of his chapter devoted to this subject—of such of the *goyim* as Henry Codman Potter, Episcopal Bishop of New York, who deliberately took up residence on the Lower East Side for a month, and the reformers Stanton Coit and Charles B. Stover, and William Dean Howells, and Hutchins Hapgood, who in 1902 published *The Spirit of the Ghetto*. Howe is primarily interested in those American responses which began in good will and pointed toward the allowance of a cultural pluralism in this nation.

On the other side of this emphasis there is, to be sure, the usual kind of screeching, which is to be avoided as much as possible. Nonetheless, the fact of the immigrant culture is not to be apprehended without some solid knowl-

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edge of the antagonisms that shaped it from outside. Howe's Lower East Side without doubt gained in coherence from the fact of its isolation. Beyond doubt it isolated itself, defensively, having had isolation imposed, authoritatively, and indeed by men of good will. Howe quotes a passage of interesting anti-Semitic scurrility in *The Education of Henry Adams*, which he then dismisses, perhaps rightly, as an example of Adams's idiosyncratic patrician morbidity. ("Not a Polish Jew fresh from Warsaw or Cracow—not a furtive Yacoob or Ysaac still reeking of the Ghetto, snarling a weird Yiddish to the officers of the customs—but had a keener instinct, an intenser energy, and a freer hand than he—American of Americans. . . .") And Howe quotes, but then considerably softens by editing, a passage from Henry James's *The American Scene*, in which James is eloquent in his revulsion at the scene of the Lower East Side, seeing in it the doom of literature.

But in fact a rationalized hostility toward these immigrants went much deeper, finding expression among thinkers who were at least close to having direct charge of the lives of the immigrants, and who were among the acknowledged intellectual leaders of the country. Their activities directly shaped the ethos of the schools. (The historian Lawrence Cremin cites a certain educator named Prof. Ellwood P. Cubberly, of Stanford, who in 1909 was suggesting that the task of education was to implant in the children of the immigration "the Anglo-Saxon conception of righteousness, law and order" for the reason that the immigrants were "illiterate, docile, lacking in self-reliance and initiative" and in general did not possess the Anglo-Teutonic values.) A few years earlier Woodrow Wilson, bringing to a close his monumental *History of the American People*, spoke as follows of the immigration of the 1890s:

> Immigrants poured steadily in as before, but with an alteration of stock which students of affairs marked with uneasiness. Throughout the century men of the sturdy stocks of the north of Europe had made up the main strain of foreign blood which was every year added to the vital working force of the country, or else men of the Latin-Gallic stocks of France and northern Italy; but now there came multitudes of men of the lowest class from the south of Italy and men of the meaner sort out of Hungary and Poland, men out of the ranks where there was neither skill nor energy nor any initiative of quick intelligence; and they came in numbers which increased from year to year, as if the countries of the south of Europe were disburdening themselves of the more sordid and hapless elements of their population. . . .

Such sentiments had to make a difference.

And Howe's necessary benignity in confronting the historical materials also qualifies his discovery of social strains in the Yiddish ghetto. There were street gangs, there was crime, there was prostitution, all of which, according to other evidence, constituted major facts of life. About the last of these facts Howe says:

> "The very possibility that some of their own might be mixed up with prostitution horrified the immigrant Jews: it ran wholly against the values and inhibitions they had brought across the ocean." That was undoubtedly true, and the relevant statistics are obviously not available but the implication of an opposite possibility is also to be entertained: that prostitution, while generally unacknowledged and occasionally discovered with horror, was a prevalent, a domestic fact, so that a young person growing up in the ghetto would not even have been surprised at it. That is the testimony of at least one primary document of the life of the Lower East Side, Michael Gold's *Jews Without Money*, which Howe does use as a source but then allows little weight. In an initial scene of that autobiographical novel, Gold describes the whores who sprawled on chairs on the neighborhood sidewalks, gossiping and knitting and chewing Russian sunflower seeds. Gold goes on to say, "At five years I knew what it was they sold." One of the tutelary elders in the novel is the neighborhood character named Harry the Pimp, a mellow, conservative, fatherly, respected businessman.

There were street gangs. Howe yields two pages to them, and concludes by saying, "On the East Side they gave a certain structure to the interval between childhood and independence—half-illicit, half-fraternal agencies for a passage into adult life." And certainly it is not the case that they inevitably spawned criminals, labor hoodlums, and ward-heeling politicians, but there is a likelihood that the usual rite of passage they offered was neither tranquil nor quaint, and was harshly imperative. Children organize gangs. (In his novel Gold says that a boy had to belong to a gang.) The unit of the gang was the street, which in turn was a metaphor for territory. There were many gangs and they had many functions and purposes, but one ultimate purpose in almost every instance must have been territorial. That is to say that at least one purpose of the gangs was to fight other gangs from other streets. The Ludlow Streeters fought the Essex Street Guerrillas—this in Samuel Ornitz's biographical novel of the Lower East Side, *Haunch Paunch and Jowl*, in which the protagonist rises through the gang structure to become a city judge. Not every street produced its city judge nor its Arnold Rothstein but it is likely that the kind of education such as these received—education for war in the city—had some effect. Perhaps most of the ghetto boys were touched.

REASONS

There are always
reasons beyond
ourselves
and we give
them names:
Responsibility.
Family.
Work.

They are bright
burdens
we bear
in the afternoon
house
and they settle
into their own
chairs
find the shape
which pleases
them
occupy
the thick silence
demanding
attention.

We care for them
as we care for
our gardens
our signatures
contracts we did
not read
before signing
or having read
signed
anyway.

Now they own us.
It is our name
they whisper
in halls
at night
as they lie
down
beside us
too heavy to love.

Adrianne Marcus

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There were asperities and aggressions, and it is probably important to admit them to some emphasis. Because there is something more at stake here than the heritage of those American Jews whose ancestry is the East-European immigration. *World of Our Fathers* implies something for the whole of our knowledge of the cultural and social shape of America in the 20th century. Howe's subject is the Yiddish ghetto, which was not paradigmatic of all of the other ghettos, but there were many others and assuredly there were similarities between all of them. During the episode of the New Immigration there came upon this country a stunning 12½ millions of assorted Poles and Slavs and Greeks and Sicilians, as well as East-European Jews. Add to this that in the latter part of the same period, a couple of millions of Southern blacks suddenly achieved visibility by moving into the Northern cities. And among the older Americans, one need not have been Henry Adams to think that the country was being overwhelmed by barbarians. The frustrations, the bitterness, the arrogance, the manipulations of power and the occasional bloodletting on both sides gave us the country we have today. One need not look very far to know that what we have in this country is a plurality of cultures, and also a quite abiding inheritance of isolation, division, and resentment. □

Poetry and the 'Back of the Book' (Part II)

GRACE SCHULMAN

This is Part II of an essay whose first section appeared last week.

Although *The Nation* was not primarily, like *Poetry*, an outlet for the new verse, it did provide a forum for literary opinion. The major writers of the century were represented over a period of many years. Ezra Pound's *The Spirit of Romance* was reviewed in 1911, and his work was reassessed by Allen Tate in an essay based on *A Draft of XXX Cantos*, which appeared on June 10, 1931. Many essays on the work of T.S. Eliot appeared in *The Nation*, including a review of *The Waste Land* in 1922. Some especially notable essays were those of Edwin Muir, on *The Sacred Wood* (September 9, 1925), and Granville Hicks, on Eliot's relation to society (February 6, 1929). T.S. Eliot's own essay on Mark Van Doren's poetry, "Why Rural Verse?," appeared in *The Nation* on April 15, 1925. Although the work of William Carlos Williams was not seriously evaluated until July 15, 1950, Wallace Stevens was noticed as early as 1925, when *Harmonium* appeared. And Marianne Moore's great poem, "The Mind is an Enchanting Thing" (December 18, 1943) appeared while Margaret Marshall was literary editor. Miss Moore's review of *One Times One*, by e.e. cummings, was published on April 1, 1944.

As for the modern poetry that arose in consequence of the impact of the Imagist movement, the dividing year is 1919 for *The Nation*'s literary section. Concrete imagery and conversational directness characterize poems of that year by Margaret Widdemer, Padraic Colum and Rolfe Humphries. Witter Bynner's "Chinese Drawings" embodied the new use of models from the ancient past and from remote civilizations. His translation, called "A Vendor of Rose-Bushes" reads

I am very poor.
Anyone who can buy from me
Ought to do it.

The Nation encouraged many unknown writers, such as John Erskine, whose "Kings and Stars," published on November 15, 1919, is a remarkable piece. It ends with a king's words:

One said:
The world widens
By starlight
And the mind reaches;
Stars beget journeys.

The 1920s generated a storm that rattled the book section. Robert Frost's *North of Boston* (1919), T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* (1922) and John Crowe Ransom's *City of God* surged like breakers on the literary scene. Mark Van Doren, who was literary editor from September 3, 1924, through September 26, 1928, wrote in a manner that expressed excitement, wit and profound irreverence. On October 24, 1923, he wrote of Louise Bogan's *Body of This Death*, "The 30 pages which they cover are packed more tightly with pure poetry than any 30 pages have been for a generation." On September 12, 1923, he said of *The Pilgrimage of Festus*, by Conrad Aiken, "Music is still the medium through which the poet speaks and sees." And on March 11, 1925, he said, "The most rousing volume of verse I have seen in a long time comes, it appears, from California. *Tamar and Other Poems* by Robinson Jeffers attracted no attention whatever when it was published here last summer." He said it was "rich with the beauty and strength which belong to genius alone."

Mark Van Doren uttered praise for a translation of Ovid's *Ars Amatoria* ("it is contemporary as Austin Dobson or Ezra Pound"); he said that John Crowe Ransom's first collection of poems contained pieces from "that extraordinary Southern magazine of verse, *The Fugitive*." Of the six-volume *Autobiographies* of William Butler Yeats, he wrote, on March 16, 1927, "Mr. Yeats, like Mark Twain, and surely the two are alike in no other respect, has the power of remembering anything whether it happened or not." And when Edith Sitwell's long poem, *The Sleeping Beauty*, appeared in this country, he defended its publication with a characteristic celebration of what was genuine: "It gives me pleasure which is real and continuous if not profound; to that extent it deserves praise."

In 1923, two new features appeared in *The Nation*'s "back of the book." In one new series, critics wrote about themselves: H.L. Mencken wrote about H.L. Mencken; Ludwig Lewisohn said of himself, "I knew from the beginning that I would please no one."

The second feature was *The Nation*'s Poetry Prize, which was first presented on November 7, 1923, to Edwin Arlington Robinson, for his sonnet "Reunion." Subsequent winners included Allen Tate, Stephen Vincent Benét, Babette Deutsch and Genevieve Taggard. The Poetry Prize, last awarded in 1927, was revived in 1974, and has survived in Discovery—*The Nation*, '76, representing a union of *The Nation*'s contest with that of the 92nd Street YM-YWHA.

The masthead of July 18, 1923, lists artists, critics and political figures. Freda Kirchwey was managing editor (and became literary editor in 1929, after Mark Van Doren's tenure); Ludwig Lewisohn was associate editor; John Macy was literary editor. Contributing editors included Anatole France, Carl Van Doren and Norman Thomas. Maxwell Bodenheim wrote frequently in this period for the "back of the book." In "Truth and Realism in Literature" (October 8, 1924), he said, "Most realistic novels are failures primarily because reality itself is effective only when the tale is

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being physically lived." He felt that the experimental novels of Virginia Woolf and Dorothy Richardson were more exciting than the conventional novels of D.H. Lawrence.

D.H. Lawrence's extraordinary poems, though, covered a full page of the "Fall Book Section" on October 10, 1923. The poems, "Bare Almond Trees," "Tropic," "Peace" and "Humming-Bird," are powerful songs of death and resurrection. In "Peace," the image of a volcanic eruption bodies forth the violent end of a dying civilization. Lawrence's poetic force is his passionate rhythm and strange, vivid images which, as they depict the death of the old world, also suggest the risen self and the discovery of a new harmony. The poem begins:

Peace is written on the doorstep
In lava.

Peace, black peace congealed.
My heart will know no peace
Till the hill bursts.

Brilliant, intolerable lava
Brilliant as a powerful burning-glass
Walking like a royal snake down the mountain towards the sea.

Forests, cities, bridges
Gone again in the bright trail of lava.
Naxos thousands of feet below the olive-roots,
And now the olive leaves thousands of feet below the lava fire.

The striking quality of the poems that appeared in *The Nation*'s literary section during the 1920s is their diversity. There were poems in set forms and poems in freer rhythms. There appeared on December 25, 1925, "Sonnet: The Holy Bonds," by Carl Rakosi, whose style changed sharply in subsequent years, and on January 22, 1930, there was a Petrarchan sonnet, "Parting," by Stanley Kunitz, whose versatility permits him to use conventional forms. On the other hand, there were songs in unconventional cadences by Babette Deutsch, Margaret Widdemer and Witter Bynner.

The best of them had passion and intensity, such as the four poems on the lead page of the "Fall Book Section" on October 13, 1926: "Animula Vagula," by Babette Deutsch; "The River," by James Rorty; "Text for a Bitter Vision," by Rolfe Humphries; and "Dark Summer," by Louise Bogan.

Bogan's poem, for example, captures with precision the dangerous moment of waiting:

Under the thunder-dark, the cicadas resound.
The storm in the sky mounts, but is not yet heard.
The shaft and the flash wait, but are not yet found.
The apples that hang and swell for the late comer,
The simple spell, the rite not for our word,
The kisses not for our mouths, light the dark summer.

In the 1930s, a prevailing theme in the arts and in political thought was the revolutionary search for a new civilization. It was the decade of the Spanish Civil War. In the minds of artists and social philosophers, there was a growing awareness that men and women were fated and death-driven. In that sad decade, there appeared two significant obituaries in *The Nation*'s "back of the book." One was of D.H. Lawrence, and was written by Joseph Wood Krutch (March 1930). The other was "Death of Spain's Poet: Antonio Machado," by Waldo Frank, appearing on April 15, 1939, three months after the poet died.

Joseph Wood Krutch drew a connection between Lawrence's nomadic life and his hatred of civilization:

> The Shaws, the Galsworthies, the Wellses were, however much they might battle with their fellows, patriotic Englishmen at bottom. They believed in modern society, in the possibility of reforming it, and, even more specifically, in the society of England. But Lawrence's abandonment of England and his wanderings in Australia, Mexico, and the American Southwest were outward signs of the fact that he had given up that white man's civilization which he so bitterly reviled. He had no political interests and no social program. It was only incidentally that he condescended to touch a detail of the system, as he did, for example, when he attacked the censorship, for he had repudiated it in toto and he saw no reason for meddling with the details.

And, in a moving portrait of the writer who died on the night after the fall of Barcelona (January 27, 1939), Waldo Frank said that Machado made art of Spain's great tragedy and that he sang of his country's rebirth:

> His last volume of verse is called *La Guerra*. Within wars Machado sings of the spring "stronger than war," the spring that has flowered in this war, in the lives of the soldiers, and in that other avatar of Spain's arduous, ever ardent body, her friends and *huertas*.

On April 15, 1939, three months after the sudden death of William Butler Yeats, two of his poems appeared in the "back of the book." They were "The Statues" and "Long-Legged Fly," subsequently in *Last Poems, 1936-1939*. In "The Statues," Yeats wrote of the chaos of modern times and, on the other hand, of the heroic possibilities in Western society. The poem's first and last verses read:

Pythagoras planned it. Why did the people stare?
His numbers though they moved or seemed to move
In marble or in bronze, lacked character.
But boys and girls pale from the imagined love
Of solitary beds knew what they were,
That passion could bring character enough;
And pressed at midnight in some public place
Live lips upon a plummet-measured face.

. . . . . .

When Pearse summoned Cuchullain to his side,
What stalked through the Post Office? What intellect,
What calculation, number, measurement, replied?
We Irish, born into that ancient sect
But thrown upon this filthy modern tide
And by its formless spawning fury wrecked,
Climb to our proper dark, that we may trace
The lineaments of a plummet-measured face.

The poem mentions three kinds of sculptured figures—the Greek models of Phidias, the Buddha and the Cuchullain statue in the Dublin Post Office. Those figures, interrelated, are manifestations of the unity of all peoples.

Although *The Nation* had followed the work of the Irish poet since December 15, 1892, when Thomas Wentworth Higginson had called *The Countess Kathleen* "one of the most original and powerful of recent poetic volumes," Yeats's transformation of current issues was not always apparent to his critics. On June 7, 1919, the reviewer of *The Wild Swans at Coole* asserted that despite Yeats's sure ear, he "ignores the late war," quoting his lines:

I think it better that in times like these
A poet keep his mouth shut, for in truth
We have no gift to set a statesman right.

Actually, Yeats built his art on patterns of interdependent opposites—innocence and heroic action, for example—as a way of exploring the human dilemma. In the title poem of this volume he was concerned with the death that modern civilization appeared to be seeking, and, on the other hand, with the nobility of art and great deeds.

Between November 1, 1947, and June 16, 1951, there appeared in *The Nation* five extraordinary poems by

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Randall Jarrell. The poems are energetic and compassionate, though their tone is frequently ironic and detached. "A Game at Salzburg" concerns a 3-year-old child who says to an American in Austria, "*Hier bin i*'." The poem ends as the American leaves her, in a storm:

But the sun comes out, and the sky
Is for an instant the first rain-washed blue
Of becoming: and my look falls
Through falling leaves, through the statues'
Broken, encircling arms
To the lives of the withered grass,
To the drops the sun drinks up like dew.
Life, life everywhere.
In anguish, in expectant acceptance,
the world whispers: Hier bin i'.

Beginning in April 1956, *The Nation* appointed a special editor for poetry, and the number of poems appearing in the journal increased sharply. The first editor was M.L. Rosenthal, and his successors were W.S. Merwin, Paul Blackburn, David Ignatow, A.R. Ammons, Alexander Laing, John Logan, Denise Levertov, Michael Goldman, Allen Planz and Robert Hazel. The "back of the book" carried poems by new writers and by established ones, in English and in translation. And many of the translations were from the less common languages, such as Vietnamese, Turkish and Slovene.

One of the most powerful poems of the Vietnam War, "What Were They Like? (Questions and Answers)" by Denise Levertov, appeared on June 27, 1966, under the editorship of John Logan. The poem is a startling catechism set in the future:

1) Did the people of Viet Nam use lanterns of stone?
2) Did they hold ceremonies to reverence the opening of buds?
3) Were they inclined to rippling laughter?

. . . . . .

1) Sir, their light hearts turned to stone. It is not remembered whether in gardens
Stone lanterns illumined pleasant ways.
2) Perhaps they gathered once to delight in blossom,
But after the children were killed
There were no more buds.
3) Sir, laughter is bitter to the burned mouth.

Another remarkable poem of the 1960s was "The Birds on the Morning of Going," by W. S. Merwin, who has a deceptively calm, chilling way of presenting terror:

now I can see
I have been carrying this fear
a blue thing
the length of my life asking Is this its place
bringing it here

to the singing
of these brightening birds

they are neither dead nor unborn

If the major American poets have been represented in *The Nation*'s literary comment since 1865, more of their poems have appeared in the past two decades than ever before. During that period there have been poems by John Berryman, James Wright, Muriel Rukeyser, David Ignatow and Pablo Neruda, as well as many of the younger figures, such as Margaret Atwood and Charles Simic.

When I consider the "back of the book," however, it is not those poets I think of. Nor does my mind travel to the work of T.S. Eliot, W.B. Yeats or even Marianne Moore. I think of Mark Van Doren's review of Genevieve Taggard's *Circumference, Varieties of Metaphysical Verse, 1456-1928,* in which he lists the poets that she includes in the volume: Léonie Adams, Louise Bogan, e.e. cummings, Robert Frost, Phelps Putnam, Allen Tate and Wallace Stevens.

I think of Phelps Putnam, and, for that matter, of Genevieve Taggard, whose astonishing poem, "Woodsman," appeared in *The Nation* on October 24, 1923. I dwell on Robert L. Wolf, who wrote "A Pagan Reinvokes the Twenty-third Psalm" (December 5, 1923), and on James Rorty, author of "The River," which appeared in the issue of October 13, 1926. Although their names do not rank with their major contemporaries, such as T.S. Eliot and Wallace Stevens, they too, had moments of blazing intensity.

In our own time, I think of Michelle Murray, a young poet and contributor to *The Nation* who died two years ago, and of the good poems that come in envelopes marked "Whiskey Creek Road, Tillamook, Oregon" and "Ferndale, Washington." However literary historians may confound the poetry of our time—for there are hundreds of fine writers and their number is growing—some of the excellence of the present moment is recorded forever at the "back of the book." □

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Speer—the Great Time-Server?

SPANDAU: The Secret Diaries. *By Albert Speer. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Macmillan. 463 pp. $13.95.*

MICHAEL SELZER

Of all the defendants at the Nuremberg trials of the major Nazi war criminals, Albert Speer—Hitler's architect and minister for war production—appears to have made the least unfavorable impression on judges, prison personnel and general public alike. He was not acquitted by the tribunal, it is true; but unlike the three men who were, he obviously was neither devious and slippery (von Papen, Schacht) nor a fanatic Nazi (Fritzsche). Indeed, Speer fully acknowledged his personal culpability for the widespread use of slave laborers in the Reich's armaments factories and, to the distress of his fellow defendants, agreed with the prosecution that the Nazi leaders were collectively responsible for the crimes committed by the regime. And he created a sensation by disclosing that he had not only refused to implement Hitler's order for a scorched-earth policy in face of the Allied advance into Germany but actually had attempted to assassinate the Führer in his bunker.

Since Nuremberg, Speer has enjoyed as good a press as a former Nazi leader might hope for. Soviet intransigence, based on superpower political considerations rather than on the merits of his case, forced him to serve out the entire twenty-year term to which he had been sentenced, but during much of this period an impressive array of prominent Westerners joined in appealing for his early release from Spandau.

Spandau, a sequel to Speer's earlier *Inside the Third Reich*, comprises extensive extracts from the illegal diary which he kept during those years. Although the chief interest of the new book lies in the insights which it provides into its author's personality, it is also a powerful evocation of the dreariness and desperation of prison life. As such, it will leave few readers unmoved, despite themselves, by sympathy for Speer's protracted agony. Noteworthy, too, even if manifestly biased, are Speer's portraits of his fellow prisoners. One is struck, in particular, by their almost complete lack of mutual trust, and by the ease with which their behavior toward one another oscillated between the extremes of petty treachery and sentimental camaraderie. These patterns, it seems safe to assume, were not merely produced by the stresses of prison but accurately reflect the manners of the Nazi elite even during its years of power. Also striking is the evidence accumulated by Speer that Hess's amnesia was phony, and the fine irony with which he catalogues the inanities of the four-power prison administration. Numerous recollections of Hitler add to the important materials which Speer had presented in his first volume. In his judgment, hatred of the Jews was "Hitler's central conviction . . . everything else was merely camouflage for this real motivating factor."

But what of Speer himself—and of his vaunted contrition, which has been authenticated by Erich Fromm, Alexander Mitscherlich and other responsible authorities? Speer was one of the Nazi leaders who had been given the Rorschach ("inkblot") test by a prison psychologist at Nuremberg in 1945. In our analysis of it, Florence Miale and I were led to conclude that although Speer's confession of guilt at the trial was partly authentic, it was also "partly phony, revealing not only his psychopathic propensity for dissimulation and his readiness to adjust to whatever structure surrounded him, but also his ability to pursue his ego-inflating pretensions in a new setting."

This finding has been criticized as unwarranted, but Speer's prison diary now seems to confirm it. Certainly, he recognized the grandiose nature of his confession. "Of course I know in my own heart that I was guilty," he writes in October 1946, "But should I have bragged about it quite so much to the court?" Eight months later he returns to the same theme. "It seems to me that in this kind of thinking I am only maneuvering myself into the old position of leadership—wanting to be first even as a penitent."

Nor, to say the least, were his feelings of guilt unequivocal. Significantly, it is precisely in settings of grandiose aspirations that they most frequently give way to regret for the things that were—or might have been. In March 1947, Speer's "head reels" as he is "repeatedly plagued by fantasies in which I imagine how I would have been one of the most respected men in Hitler's world government." Seventeen years later he reports that his head is again reeling—this time because he has been unable to decide whether, if he had to do it all again, he would have given up the fame and power he once had enjoyed, despite the high price *he* was now paying for them!

But it is not only in such passages that one is jarred by the realization that the writer who so frequently manages to win our sympathy for the sufferings he is enduring is less than a completely de-Nazified Nazi. In December 1954, he comments indignantly in his diary about the harshness of the American co-director of Spandau toward Raeder. "If they aren't going to respect his military rank, at least a man decades younger than he might show respect for the dignity of age!" Still more bizarre is the advice which Speer, on the last night of his imprisonment, gives ex-Deputy Führer Hess. He urges him not to try to buy his release by simulating insanity. "If he did that, I said, he would be undermining his image, whereas now, thanks to his consistency, he was regarded with a certain respect even among his enemies. He would only destroy that if he played the madman. It would throw a bad light on his own bearing during the past decades, make all that seem merely obsessive be-

Michael Selzer is in the Department of Political Science at Brooklyn College. He is co-author of The Nuremberg Mind, *a study of the Rorschach records of the major Nazi war criminals.*

MY SCARECROW

You are not here
for the pleasure of the flat miles,
the crease of dyke and tulip,
landscapes, pouring through the wind.

Animal,
you lean sideways,
breaking into a straw smile.
Should I leave you to gnaw fire

when they begin the yearly burning,
the blacking
of the spiked stubble?
You'd smile, still leering.

But I have you, late at night,
when the birds rattle in your head
and the rats
slide around your ankles.

I can hear you,
shuffling in the wind.
I can smell you, oozing nastinesses,
like the dyke's soft slime.

And in the morning,
I'll walk past and ignore you,
your strident, stitched smile,
your eyes, pecked landscapes.

William Bedford

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havior." How plausible is Speer's sense of guilt, we must ask, if he thinks that the worst that can be said of Hess's behavior was that it was "merely obsessive"?

Our analysis of Speer's Rorschach emphasized the extreme flatness and emptiness of his personality—a pervasive inner desolation—and his strong compensatory need for external sources of form and substance. He found these, we argued, in Nazism, and in particular in his relationship with Hitler. Speer's ruminations in Spandau frequently confirm this analysis. "Since Nuremberg I have convinced myself of this concept of Hitler as the great seducer," he writes in 1949. "But was he really that? Did he lead me away from myself. . . . Might it be more accurate to say that he actually led me to myself?" And although he repeats the theme in *Inside the Third Reich* that he cared only about architecture and was not interested in politics, it occurs to him that perhaps he was "made creative only by Hitler" (March 1962). In January 1964, we find him wondering whether Hitler really was "the great destructive force in my life"; it seemed to him, rather, that he owed to Hitler the "vitality, dynamism and imagination" which he had experienced during the great days of the Third Reich.

But what form and substance could a Hitler give to a Speer? In the earlier book Speer had referred to the "intangible and insubstantial" quality of Hitler's personality, adding that "He simply could not let anyone approach his inner being because that core was lifeless, empty." Our analysis of Speer's Rorschach led us to suggest that this description could equally well apply to him, too, and this is also borne out by the prison diary. He writes of his remoteness from other people and of his limited "capacity for experience." And of the buildings he constructed for Hitler —the ones through which Hitler "led me to myself"—Speer now can write only that their designs are "monotonous and empty." The one notable achievement of his architectural career, he determines, were his notorious domes of light—bright searchlights pointing meaninglessly and pretentiously into the pitch-black sky—which he had created for the Nuremberg rallies. Referring to these, he writes, "I feel strangely stirred by the idea that the most successful creation of my life is a chimera, an immaterial phenomenon."

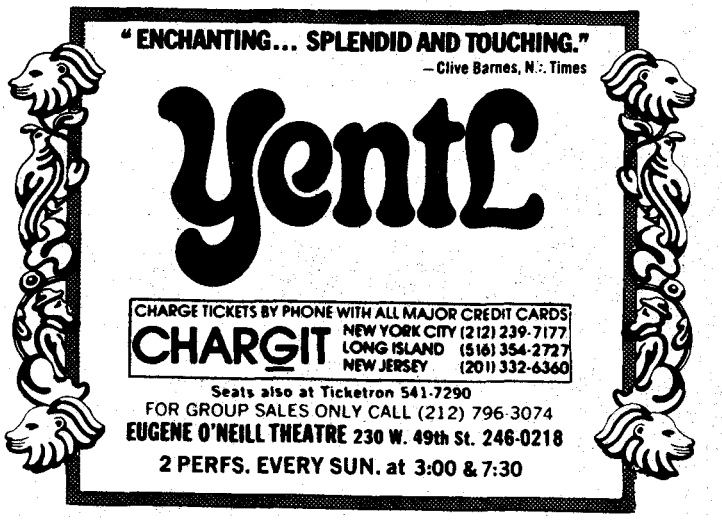
The chimerical nature of Speer's personality is most bizarrely apparent in his thoughts about his changed feelings toward Hitler. "I sometimes ask myself," he writes in July 1949, "whether there is not some inexplicable instinct within me that always, whether I want it or not, makes me succumb to the spirit of the times; as though the prevailing current always carried me along. My feelings of guilt at Nuremberg were certainly sincere, but I wish I could have felt them in 1942. I would also have more confidence in my own judgment if today, at least from time to time, I were in opposition to the *Zeitgeist*, which now totally condemns Hitler. . . ."

Speer's quest for redemption, then, is rooted in the same dynamics which created his guilt. His real torment does not lie so much in the sufferings he endured at Spandau as in the remarkable accuracy of many of his insights into himself. His doom lies in his inability to do very much about what his introspection reveals. □

DANCE / Nancy Goldner

The Pilobolus Dance Theatre grew out of the discovery that deft gymnastics may be transformed into a theatrical experience. This group of Dartmouth alumni terms itself a dance company, perhaps because headstands and the like are kinds of movement and because the elaborate, highly controlled kind of supported movement in which gymnasts excel is a fair equivalent of the classical *pas de deux*, in the sense that one responds to both kinds of duets as spectacle—very difficult spectacle. More than in classical dance, however, one is impressed by the seeming physical impossibility and implicit danger of the Pilobolus maneuvers. People walk over each other without doing damage to each other's spines. A totem pole of three slowly sinks to the ground intact; what's more, the six knees of this human structure are perfectly in line when prone. Any joint of the body serves as an anchor for another body, and those two bodies are secured so that a third body may be hooked on. And so the chain develops organically until the six performers are linked in anatomically startling formations. Never is there a slip, a sag, a hoist.

These people approach bodies and the possible hookups therein as geometrical proofs; they must only discover how to make their bodies conform to what is rationally known. Although the astonishing configurations and brute power of their stomach and back muscles are close to the circus aesthetic, the cool, suave way they approach their tasks and their audience is quite the opposite. They are like the doctor in the TV ad who tells us with suppressed glee that the little pill which as if by magic has just lifted the glooms from subject A was not magic at all but the result of scientific formula. The Pilobolus magicians, one senses, relish pulling the magic from under our feet. They have got it all figured out scientifically: a 30-degree angle supports a 50-degree angle; the eighth vertebra supports one-fifth the weight of the fourth vertebra; one may carom into the stomach with twice the velocity one would apply to the chest. The Pilobolus enterprise is the circus of a brave new world, and it is not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HELL'S ANGELS IN SPAIN
I.M. Miguel de Unamuno

Anonymous day in anonymous heat
the Pyrenees drawn
a roomful of crowbars and chains
bleeding in uniform
beating on dogs
called Basques: a turning ring
in the stumbling, bull-blinded
toy
called pain, a lurching, unfocused
rampage
of hooves
trapped
in the brain

swelling, anonymous welts
of cry, a tuning fork numbed
with steel on the curve
that confesses
over and over: a puppet's head
bashed and bashed
into a wall
into itself

the songs
from the cells—the waiting
to be called

Tom Jones

surprising that one of the founding members left it for a career in computer science.

The Pilobolus performers would be entirely likable if they conceived of themselves as highly accomplished stuntmen and stuntwomen. (The ratio is four to two.) *Ciona*, the number that opened their show at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in early March, is an abstract demonstration of many of the tricks they know, and in many ways it is their best piece precisely because it is a demonstration of physical prowess per se. As the program unfolded, however, it became obvious that Pilobolus is much more interested in the imagistic offshoots of stunts than in the stunts themselves. It turns out, for example, that the *raison d'être* for that three-man totem pole is its subsequent transformation into a six-legged creepy crawly bug. A solo called *Lost and Fauna* is all about a ruffled skirt-as-animal. The closing dance, *Monkshood's Farewell*, is about imaginary fauna. (Despite the title, flora are not within the domain of the group's poetic sensibilities because plants move less, and the group has not yet explored the delicate, almost stationary styles of Eastern dance.) All of the dances play on the idea that, through extraordinary agility and visual and mechanical imagination, the human body may look not quite human. Indeed, the name of this company signifies a fungus. I know that because the press release said so. It did not say what *Ciona* or *Alraune* means, and neither does a standard dictionary. But it is fair entertainment to guess what they mean, and I imagine that the choreographic intent of most of the dances is to amuse us in the same way.

Pilobolus proceeds from the assumption that the human body as fungus or aardvark is a metaphor of unquenchable appeal and, structurally, a fruitful theme. Accordingly, the choreographic process is the classical one of theme and development. One's appetite for this kind of whimsy is purely an individual matter, but when it comes to development, the Pilobolus Dance Theatre falls definitively flat and confirms that this company is neither dance nor theatre. When performers go on too long, it is usually because of a shortage of genius in the maker. The Pilobolus dances go on too long because they mistake charades for themes. What is necessarily a series of one-shot ideas, each of which must be instantly disposed to be effective, the Pilobolus group forces into a developmental dance. Although they have a talent for this kind of structure, they apply it to the wrong material. What charades need are pace and bright ideas. These six college graduates have more than their share of cleverness, but no one group could ever have enough to keep the stage looking fresh, new and moving for two hours. Every dance had moments of novelty and humor, but it is no coincidence that the best dance-with-message was the shortest. This was *Walklyndon*, a series of sight gags strung loosely around the topic of encounters. Anonymous people (for a change) mow each other down, whisk each other off, and continuously surprise each other and the audience with their responses. Toward the end, one fellow rests his stomach on the floor while his head and legs lift off the floor. Starting from that familiar emblem of physical fitness, he becomes an uncooperative scale. When one of his colleagues stomps on his legs, he persists in weighing in heavier at the head. Another friend pounds on his head and, sure enough, his weight springs back to the legs. Then he becomes dead weight. One by one, the group forms into a machine designed to lift him—the ultimate test of group strength, ingenuity and science. Just as they've finished positioning themselves for this task, the object of removal slips out of the group, leaving his colleagues in a very pretty but useless picture. *Walklyndon* could be a wry self-spoof on the whole idea of communal effort, which is the ideology by which the group lives and creates, but certainly the best thing about it is that it's short and fast. It is the only piece in which the Pilobolus Dance Theatre is not only slick but sleek. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

What with cuckoo's nest and taxi driver, Chinese bookie and Al Pacino on a hot afternoon in Brooklyn, a good many viewers may find refreshment, entertainment and an instructively immediate perspective on themselves in Claude Sautet's *Vincent, François, Paul and the Others*. It is not that I deplore dramatizations of extreme human experience or think that careers which explode the prevailing social contract are irrelevant to the concerns of a generally civil constituency. I would not abolish Macbeth. But it is true that the content of much recent screen material has been exceptional in more than one sense. To put it briefly, it might seem that Dostoevsky had been called back to take charge of overall film policy, with Chekhov banished from the board room.

After all the detonations of minds and property, *Vincent, François, etc.* is small beer—a rewarding drink, but not to be gulped when the blood is in fever. You have to go along with Sautet's people, recognizing that they do not astonish you, but on the other hand are becoming remarkably familiar. Vincent, François and Paul (Yves Montand, Michel Piccoli and Serge Reggiani, in that order), close friends from their youth, have reached an age, mid-50s, when they must face it that they will not have time to make good the failures and deficiencies that have accumulated in their professional or private lives. It is the age of chagrin that they have entered and they are fortunate to have one another to share the bitter taste. Because, although they know one another so well that the flick of each one's discontent can painfully sting a companion, they share a mutual trust that is rare among adults outside marriage. (Is it perhaps less rare among the French than among the Anglo-Saxons?) In this context, it may be significant that, of the three named principals in the movie, only Paul still has a secure marriage. Perhaps friendship so deeply rooted cuts across the what is commonly supposed the deeper domestic love, but one can only speculate on Sautet's intention here (or on that of Claude Neron, who wrote the novel from which the script is taken), because *Vincent, François, Paul and the Others* is a strongly male-oriented work. The women of the

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group are presented as independent and resourceful, as well as handsome, but they are defined almost entirely in terms of the problems or the support they represent for the men.

The picture has very little plot; it offers a segment of occurrences, selected, one feels almost arbitrarily, from a small but long sustained human history. It gets its form by playing fugal variations on a three-note theme; its style rests on the talent of the very effective cast, especially, of course, the three main actors, who convey with splendid credibility how men of strong, often uncomfortably raw feelings manage with only a few slips to observe what they understand as civilized behavior. Montand's performance is resilient, mercurial, both witty and at moments very touching. His two associates are in their own ways quite his equal. They are all brainy and eloquent actors, sensitively directed. The communication in *Vincent, François, etc.* is occasionally violent; more often it is accomplished with few words, amplified by the kind of sign language habitual among intimates. In all, it is a quiet film, a subtle one—discourse on the complexities, pains and rewards of companionship. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Eden is a modest, generally enjoyable play by Steve Carter, a new writer, who without condescension may be called promising (Negro Ensemble Company). Apart from the charming candor of the acting, what interested me most in the play was its "historical" aspect. It deals with an area in the life of the black community of which I had hitherto been only vaguely aware: the tension between the West Indian and the American black. The time is 1927, when New York's West 60s was largely a black neighborhood and when the conflict referred to was more acute than it is today.

The play concerns the family of Joseph Barton, a blue-collar worker born in the West Indies. Though he thinks of his birthplace as a privileged spot (because it is British), his "Eden" is Africa, his "messiah" Marcus Garvey, the leader of the back-to-Africa movement. Though Garvey is now (1927) in prison, Barton has not abandoned hope that the movement may someday succeed. Every year he and those who share his conviction march in diminishing numbers to keep their ideal alive.

The American blacks are anathema to Barton. They are uneducated, their speech profane and offensively ungrammatical, their manners hideously uncouth. He rules his wife, his two daughters and his two young (American born) sons with despotic severity. He orders them to shun their black American neighbors whose rooms are on the same floor as his. He forbids his boys to make playmates of such folk. Through study they must prepare themselves to take up the banner of African nationhood.

Structurally the play is somewhat lopsided because we learn too late that there is something positive in Barton's fanaticism—wrong-headed though it is. He wants his sons and his people to acquire dignity and power through knowledge. He desires the right things but his bigotry prevents him from accomplishing them.

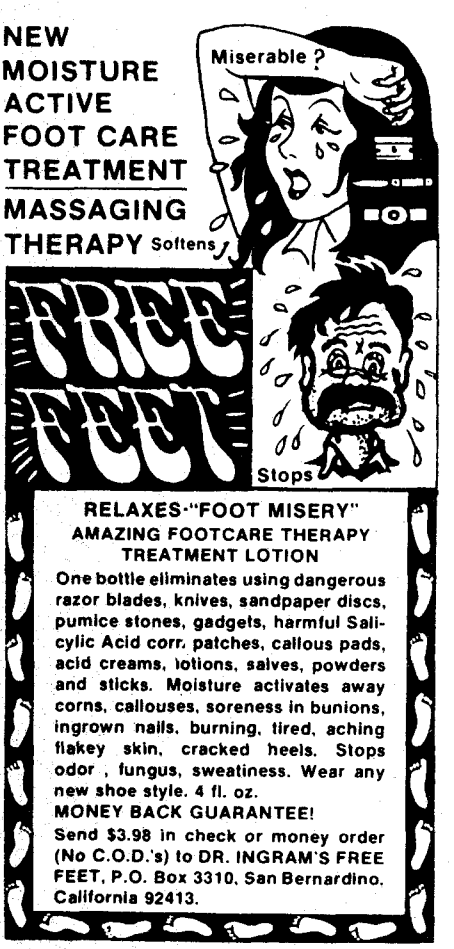
What occurs is that his younger daughter has an affair, becomes pregnant and finally marries a crude but good-natured young man who has just come up from the South and is thus unable to comprehend Barton's animosity. What is surprising and rather disconcerting in the end is that, after her marriage, the daughter finds herself repelled by her husband's friends, the Americans whom her father has taught her to scorn as coarse strangers. The breach between the two "camps" has not been overcome. This may well be real enough as a matter of social and psychological fact, but it is not altogether convincing as the drama has been unfolded.

Yet the play holds. The writing has both credibility and pithy humor. Above all, the acting is entirely winning as is the direction by Edmund Cambridge. Graham Brown, vocally powerful, precise in diction, is as good in the trying role of Barton as he has been in other parts. I particularly liked the women: Ethel Ayler as Barton's wife, direct, forceful, emotionally coherent without bathos; Ramona King, unproblematically sensible as the older daughter, plays the part with exemplary honesty and clarity; Shirley Brown as the younger daughter is "womanly," open and submissive without false gush, and Barbara Montgomery as a forthright representative of the American "sector" possesses a refreshingly jovial freedom of spirit.

Bubbling Brown Sugar, a new musical revue with a so-called book by Loften Mitchell, troubled me because I wanted to like it more than I could (ANTA Theatre). The show is built on the idea of a visit by a wealthy white youth and his girl friend to the night spots—dance halls, clubs and theatres—of Harlem in its heyday—the 1920s and earlier 1930s. They are guided by black old-timers who recall the stars of the period: Bill Robinson, Georgia Brown, Billie Holliday, Louis Armstrong. The original numbers, or pieces patterned on them, are reenacted. But alas, alas, hardly anyone in the present company can equal the splendor of the prototypes. Avon Long, once the gleaming, delightfully wicked Sportin' Life of *Porgy and Bess*, a quicksilver dancer, is now too old to do anything but reminisce in lackluster language and feeble jokes. As for the others: the "coolest" dancer is the cast's token white boy, Barry Preston, the most attractive singer and dancer is Vivian Reed (who is still no Georgia Brown), the show's most rousing moment is the ensemble tap dancing finale. And there are also two engaging singers, Chip Garnett (also an able dancer) and Ethel Beatty.

But where, oh where are the epic artist-entertainers of yesteryear? Not long ago I was greatly impressed by Linda Hopkins singing in *Purlie* (but she is no Bessie Smith) and by Melba Moore also in *Purlie*. But something has happened among the black singing actors, as among white actors. It is a "mystery"—of which more further on.

The Chelsea Theatre Center at Brooklyn's Academy of Music, which has devoted much of its honorable history to unusual plays, is now presenting Edward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Sheldon's *The Boss* as part of the official New York Bicentennial program. The play was first produced in 1911 when its author was 24. Sheldon, who died in 1946, was one of the pioneers of realism in the American theatre. He was "advanced" enough to write of the poor in *Salvation* (1908), left-handedly of the black "issue" in *The Nigger* (1909) and in *The Boss* he wrote of those powerful figures in commerce who emerged among the Irish to upset the hegemony of the high-toned Anglo Saxon contingent. In doing this, he also touched on the capital-labor struggle before World War I.

I noticed some people in the audience who were prepared to snicker because of the play's old fashion. Any such attitude of superiority in this instance is silly. While Europe was nearly "finished" with realism (Ibsen, Chekhov, Gorky, Shaw, Barker, Galsworthy) when Sheldon wrote *The Boss*, it had hardly become a popularly accepted style with us till about 1916. True, *The Boss* is superficial and Broadway slick in the manner of our nonage, but it is not altogether hackneyed. What is sound in it is the recognition of a type: the rough diamond tycoon up from the slums whose brash vigor, shrewdness, lack of scruple are mitigated only by a residue of care for his Catholic co-religionists and a general indulgence in regard to their Hibernian forebears and contemporaries, the kind of man, in short, who became a big wheel in business and in Tammany and Boston politics. Allowing for a certain amount of facile theatrics, Sheldon pictured the creature with intuitive understanding, as he did certain women of the more socially favored class.

The melodramatic plot and its happy ending are less important to an esteem which we may still accord the play than is the basic verisimilitude with which the central character, Michael Regan, is drawn. Such men are attractive because their concentrated energy, nerve and ruthless imagination made them builders as much as destroyers. It is this quality that *The Boss* dramatizes.

The Chelsea Theatre Center produces it with reasonable skill. Andrew Jarkowsky as Regan is a competent, strong-voiced actor, but he cannot fulfill the demands of the role. The play therefore fails of its full impact. There are very few actors left today—George C. Scott may be one—who can commandingly hold the stage in such a part. Who can now play a Boss Tweed, a Hearst, a Charles Murphy, a J.P. Morgan, an Andrew Carnegie so that we may be as much taken with them as we are resistant? There were many such actors on our stage up to 1930. Trying to characterize them, Eugene O'Neill once said that what was needed was someone "like Maurice Barrymore or James O'Neill, my old man. One of those big-chested chiseled-mug, romantic old boys. Most actors lack an air." And he further remarked that when his father, James O'Neill, ordinarily reviled by him, entered a restaurant, everyone—the owner, the waiters, the cops—made way for him in unfeigned awe. The latter-day actors, O'Neill summed up, hardly struck him in the "big" roles as "much more than third assistant barkeeps, if that."

Our times have whittled down the scope of our actor-heroes, who once were stalwarts. That is also true of most of our real-life industrialists, statesmen and politicians. Even men of conspicuous position today seem to be diminished specimens of humankind. I leave it to others to offer an adequate explanation for the decline. For myself, I can only say that my sense of this "shrinkage" is at the root of my dissatisfaction not only with such performances as those of *Bubbling Brown Sugar* and *The Boss* but also with nearly all those we commonly see in Shakespeare. □

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MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

Setting a poet's verses to music may be the highest compliment a composer can offer to a fellow artist, but it is also potentially an act of larceny. I cannot now read the six poems of Elizabeth Bishop that Elliott Carter has set under the title of *A Mirror on which to Dwell* without hearing the music's shapes and accents: in *Argument*, for example, the tolling alternation of the two notes tied to the key words "Days" and "Distance," the wide-arching near hysteria of "all the way to where my reasons end," the edgy abruptness that rises from the instrumental texture into the voice at the words "Compliments of Never & Forever, Inc."

And not only the vocal phrasings but the sound images drawn from the nine-player ensemble are now part and parcel of the poetry in my mind's ear: the slow icy lines of piccolo and high violin against the fidgety duetting of marimba and viola that catch the tensions of *Insomnia* and subtly vary them, or the wispy snatches of half-hearted military music in *View of the Capitol from the Library of Congress*. Each song draws differently upon the instrumental resources of three winds (flute doubling on alto flute and piccolo, oboe doubling on English horn, clarinet doubling on bass clarinet), percussion (a relatively conservative battery), piano and four strings, with all players used only in two songs. In each song, the instrumental group is further divided into combinations that move at disparate tempos.

The composer has suggested a similarity of approach to the arias of Bach, where the setting reflects throughout one or two basic images of the text, rather than matching it on a word-for-word basis. But Carter's instrumental language, as it has developed over the last three decades since he last set words to music, deals with counterpoints of simultaneous noncongruent tempos as well as of lines, and the illustrative potential of this resource proves wonderfully flexible in matching the multiple layers of significance in the poetry. Most impressive is the ease with which these musical techniques that have imparted so much individuality to the protagonists of the instrumental music, so much drama to its working out, are now wedded to words—implicitly confirming that all of Carter's music has been dealing with the same life concerns as do the poems and their settings. *Mirror* should be a good introduction for latecomers to the composer's style, for it is lean of texture, to leave room for the words and their resonances; at the same time, it will be fresh and surprising to even the most seasoned devotee.

One further sound also now pervades my mind's ear perception of Miss Bishop's words: the voice of Susan Davenny Wyner, who sang the songs so vividly that the French term for "first performance"—*création*—took on a special aptness; above and beyond the requisite precision, of an instrumental order, that she offered in full measure, Miss Davenny Wyner in fact *created* the complete person latent in words and music. She is one of the most gifted and accomplished singers to be heard today, and I expect her to amaze, delight and move us very often in the years to come. The intricacies of the "accompaniment" were handled with characteristic style and panache by the excellent Speculum Musicae, which commissioned the work with a grant from the New York State Council on the Arts and matching funds from several sources. (The next scheduled performance will be on April 25, in Philadelphia, as part of an all-Carter concert.) □

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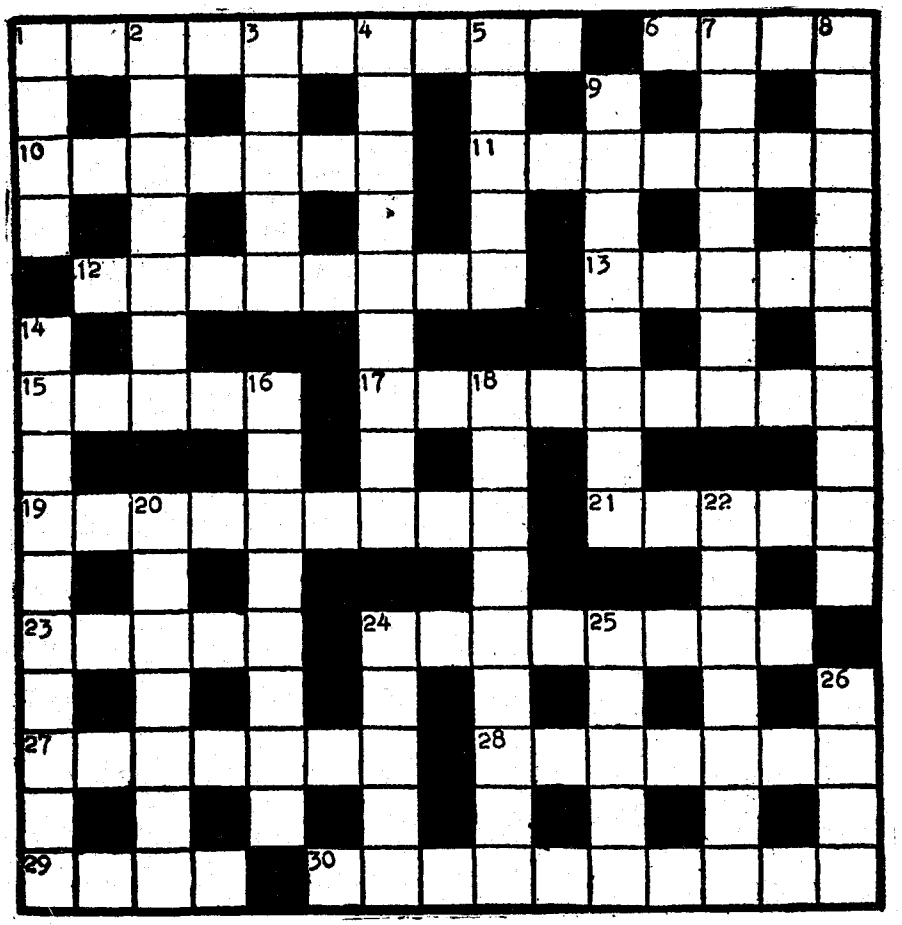
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1,6 and 13 General position before April of a piece written for the paper. (10,4,5)
10 Lead, but not quietly, and it might cause you some pain. (7)
11 They used to do it to babies with an awkward walk, after a point. (7)
12 One of the things the sun does assigns some value about returning help. (8)
13 See 1 across
15 Stone-throwing attack? (5)
17 Sounded contented with the boy about to be pointedly encouraged. (7,2)
19 Exemplary elocution implied, by way of explanation. (2,2,5)
21 A timely break in the circuit's direction. (5)
23 Where in Latin you have large numbers about to describe the shape of things. (5)
24 Cheerfully encourage brew or softer beverage. (4,4)
27 There's a small measure employed in getting charged. (7)
28 One isn't likely to be fighting on home territory. (7)
29 School of reflected importance. (4)
30 Unplugged's an unusual way to describe such a cozy position! (8,2)

DOWN

1 and 14 Each goes so, to describe a far from fruitful pursuit. (4,5,5)
2 Uncle looks for gold, perhaps—typical of eastern craft. (7)
3 Those from old Mesopotamia? (5)
4 Valid and invalid state of discernment. (4,5)
5 Nothing in its present condition should be so welcome to some travelers. (5)
7 Asked for, or just told? (7)
8 Work of 24 down must be exercising the mind. (3,7)
9 Something soothing spoken of a royal castle? (8)
14 See 1 down
16 Try a fixed number of bottles—it might establish a precedent. (4,4)
18 Witless, as they used to say? (9)
20 An early navigator coming up with a small company to deal with what they brought back from America. (7)
22 Argued in 16, possibly. (7)
24 What they put to slow down the reaction of one responsible for 8. (5)
25 Cube velocity, to show such a slope. (5)
26 Support essential to older planes. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1624

ACROSS: 1 Political asylum; 9 Backwards; 10 Undid; 11 Insert; 12 Protests; 14 Profiles; 16 Evoke; 17 Inset; 18 Caressed; 20 Surcease; 21 Nimble; 24 Icing; 25 Ill-chosen; 26 Hit the high spots. DOWN: 1 Public; 2 Locks; 3 Tower of strength; 4 Cure; 5 Last resort; 6 Squatter's rights; 7 Lodestone; 8 Modiste; 13 Blacksmith; 15 Restraint; 17 Ipswich; 19 Tennis; 22 Basso; 23 Slug.

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